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The Week

LABOR DAY, which in recent years has been the occasion for a celebration of the achievements of American labor under the leadership of the A. F. of L., this year finds the official movement in a somewhat chastened mood, in view of the fact that the standards and power of the workers have been subject to a disastrous rout. Far too belatedly, President Green expresses his organization's advocacy of unemployment insurance. Though unemployment insurance is in no sense a fundamental cure for the diseased economic order, experience with it in Great Britain and Germany proves that it is not only a preventive of the worst forms of suffering, but is also a bulwark against the lowering of standards and a protection of labor organization. Mr. Green, furthermore, emphasizes labor's intention to enforce on industry the economy of high wages as soon as conditions permit. This task is not only a legitimate function of the unions, it is also a social responsibility. No economic order, under a machine technique, can operate well without a strong labor movement to uphold wages. Competitive profit-making industry, no matter what the intentions of individual employers, cannot effectuate a high wage policy. Can the A. F. of L. do so? The situation places squarely before it a challenge to organize more widely and act more effectively.

LAST winter the railroad unions, whose members were already suffering severely from unemployment and partial employment, reluctantly accepted a "wage deduction" of 10 percent, to be in effect for a year, with the understanding that at the end of the period the old rates were to be restored. The railroad managements, backed by editorial writers and conservative leaders of opinion generally, argued that reduction of pay would aid employment and assist recovery. The unions tried to get the managements to make a definite bargain along these lines by promising that the savings from the wage cut would not be turned into profits, and by adopting specific measures to aid employment. But managements would consent to little of this nature. What are the results? Railroad employment has further decreased. The wage cut did not restore prosperity. The managements are now planning, not only to make the cut permanent, but to seek an additional 10 percent.—Editorial writers and conservative leaders please notice. Will you say again that wisdom and patriotism require railroad labor to surrender? It may, of course, be prudent for unions not to strike when industry is near bankruptcy. But wage cuts do not solve anything. The lesson for labor would seem to be that some policy far more basic than collective bargaining with private employers is required, if the burdens of a crazy economic order are not to be loaded progressively on the shoulders of the workers.

CENSORSHIP by public officials seems to be achieving a new form in the United States. The chances are that a high official can keep anything really compromising or hostile out of the newspapers. If a reporter publishes something unpleasant in book form, the official can then discipline him by getting him fired. These remarks are apropos of the dismissal of Drew Pearson from The Baltimore Sun. Though we have always regarded this journal as an extraordinarily liberal and independent one, and though we have no right, on the basis of the facts we know, to accuse it of discharging Mr. Pearson simply because a Cabinet official brought pressure to bear, still the facts

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which we do know support the inference that this is the case. Mr. Pearson, who was connected with a recently published book, "More Merry-Go-Round," was summoned before Secretary of War Hurley, who was indignant about a chapter on him entitled "The Cotillion Leader." Mr. Hurley threatened to telephone the publisher of The Sun and ask for Mr. Pearson's discharge. Mr. Hurley also discussed the matter with The Sun's Washington bureau chief and, after telephoning to the publisher, Mr. Paul Patterson, announced to another newspaper man that he was having Mr. Pearson fired. Immediately thereafter, the managing editor of The Sun called Mr. Pearson to Baltimore and told him that his usefulness to The Sun had ended. The inference was that Mr. Pearson would no longer have access to official news in Washington. This reminds us that Robert S. Allen was dismissed from The Christian Science Monitor shortly after his name had been publicly connected with "Washington Merry-Go-Round," the predecessor of the present book. Persistent rumor had it that President Hoover was responsible.

THE German government now takes another step in the procession toward economic suicide by imposing a series of tariff increases ranging upward from 100 percent to absolutely prohibitive levels. The immediate need for these tariffs is, of course, obvious. Germany owes a lot of money; she can pay it only by selling more than she buys; the essential action is therefore to stop buying as far as possible and to push sales—which she is preparing to do by the von Papen program of wage reduction and loans to industry. This is perfectly reasonable capitalist economics. The only trouble is that everybody is doing the same thing—even countries like the United States which do not, on balance, owe money, but expect to receive it. When everybody cuts his purchases, where is an outlet for larger sales to be found? Nationalistic competition for markets may lead to the success of the competitor who exploits his own labor most successfully, but it can only injure the rest of the world, and of course is bound to injure the labor even of the successfully competing country. It is one of the most profound of the contradictions of capitalism that, though it is theoretically based on laissez-faire, it leads practically to that most outrageous interruption of economic freedom—the protective tariff.

GERMANY'S "relief" program as proclaimed by von Hindenburg in an emergency decree is even more ambitious than first announcements indicated. It now claims to be able to provide work for 5,600,000, or almost the entire unemployed army of Germany. The money outlay, direct and indirect, will be much greater than originally planned, amounting to about 4,000,000,000 marks, including tax income, rebates and repayments. How Germany is to meet these tremendous new obligations—even assuming a sharp upward trend in economic conditions—remains to be seen. That the government is itself not very sure of its way, the appointment of a dictator over the big banks and industries under government control would indicate. Hjalmar Schacht, the former president of the Reichsbank, is named for that newly created office. It will be his duty to reorganize these big institutions in conformity with the plan and to initiate savings by reducing the enormous salaries and bonuses of their directors and high officials. Dr. Schacht possesses a strong personality and is recognized to be the greatest living authority on German finance. His anti-labor record makes him especially fitted to assist the government in the development of its imposing and adventurous scheme.

THIS anti-labor character of the Papen-Schleicher project emerges even more unmistakably than from von Papen's speech at Münster on August 27. The edict provides for a maximum wage reduction of 12½ percent for all workers coming under this plan. Heretofore Germany has generally maintained the thirty-hour week in its industries to meet the exigencies of the depression. The decree now provides that those industries which change from a thirty to a forty-hour work week will be freed from their obligations under existing wage and arbitration agreements. Hourly wages will be reduced. The German worker, with an average income lower than that of his French, English and Scandinavian brothers, will lose another eighth of his income and will have to work one-third again as long. Nor is that all. The emergency decree gives the government a free hand to change social-welfare legislation in any direction whatsoever—one of the most sweeping authorizations ever given to any constitutional government. Germany was the first country to institute social legislation and social services. England and France followed the German example decades later; in the United States the official labor movement is just beginning to realize their importance. With a single stroke of the pen the government now destroys the accomplishments of the hard-fought battles of two generations.

THE significant aspect of the entire transaction is its autocratic and unconstitutional character. Article 48 of the Weimar Constitution authorizes the government to issue decrees in cases of national emergencies when parliamentary action is impossible. The newly elected Reichstag last week notified the President of its organization and of its desire to meet with him for the discussion of pressing political and economic questions. President von Hindenburg replied that he would be glad to confer with the Reichstag Presidium at the end of this week after his return to Berlin. Meanwhile he has signed the decree that proposes to change the economic fabric of Germany without even consulting the leaders of the big parties. The repub-

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lican parties, which supported the reactionary bloc under Dr. Brüning out of fear that the Reichstag would be unable to function under a National Socialist government, now find themselves face to face with an anti-Fascist government, supported by their own presidential candidate Hindenburg, which takes the same course. To republican Germany and to German labor it has become almost immaterial whether or not an understanding will be reached in the near future between the Papen-Schleicher Cabinet and the leadership of the National Socialist Labor party. Both work toward the same end with similar methods.

GERMANY'S long expected claim to equality of armaments is now before the governments of France and England. If this demand is refused, General von Schleicher threatens that Germany will withdraw both from the next session of the Disarmament Conference and from the League of Nations. Obviously the von Papen Cabinet is hoping to steal the Nazi thunder, and convince the German voters that it, and not Hitler, can save the Fatherland. It is now fairly well established that, during the recent Lausanne Conference, MacDonald and Herriot promised von Papen that Germany would receive important concessions upon the reconvening of the Disarmament Conference. According to reports, an understanding was reached that various weapons, such as heavy mobile artillery, tanks and possibly large submarines, now prohibited to Germany by the Versailles Treaty, were likewise to be prohibited to the rest of the world. In addition, Germany was to be allowed to shorten the period of enlistment to the Reichswehr. Von Papen, in order to strengthen his domestic political position, now wants this agreement honored immediately; Herriot, because of his own domestic political troubles, wishes to postpone taking action as long as possible. The British Foreign Office appears to be very nervous; it fears, and with good reason, that if the French cannot be persuaded to meet Germany halfway, the drift towards another great war may be begun.

ALARMIST rumors come daily from China. Chinese officials assert that Japan is threatening to seize the five principal Chinese seaports if the anti-Japanese boycott is not forcibly suppressed. Within the last ten days, Chinese irregulars in Manchuria have twice raided Mukden. These midnight attacks on the seat of the Japanese military power serve no military purpose; they are designed purely to show the fathomless contempt which China, despite its present weakness, has for all things Japanese. It now seems certain that the Lytton Commission, sent by the League Council to investigate Japanese actions in Manchuria, will bring in a report unfavorable to Japan. There is also evidence that this prospect is worrying the Japanese government much more than it is willing to admit. The Japanese Foreign Minister, Count Yasuya Uchida, is an astute and sophisticated statesman, and is clearly aware that Japan is not strong enough to carry through, by itself, a Japanese "Monroe Doctrine" for Asia. Recently Count Uchida broadly hinted that Japan had hopes of forming a European alliance, to be directed primarily against the United States, and secondarily against Soviet Russia.

THE greatest obstacle which Japan has to face is the entirely fortuitous circumstance that England and France are now in the midst of negotiations with the United States for the reduction or cancellation of their war debts. As long as England and France are pleading poverty to the United States, they cannot very well loan money to Japan, or permit their nationals to float a Japanese loan. In the sharp diplomatic struggle now in progress between the United States and Japan, England and France are bound to preserve a strictly neutral position, at least until the war-debts question is settled. At the meeting of the League Assembly, to be held probably in November, to consider the Lytton Commission's report, Japan will have no strong allies, while the United States will be vociferously backed up by all the smaller League nations. The element in Japanese public life represented by Count Uchida does not wish to withdraw from the League. However, economic distress in Japan, despite the recent rise in silk prices, is almost unendurably great; any weakness shown by Count Uchida in the face of the League Assembly is likely to unite the Japanese army and the peasantry in a revolt of far-reaching consequences.

APPARENTLY something is wrong with the Russian agricultural program. According to correspondents who are usually reliable, fall sowings of wheat are far behind schedule in the Ukraine and other important districts. Not enough seed is available, and in addition a large percentage of the tractors is out of order. There is discontent, too, among the peasants. Their own food supplies are short, and they have not been able to obtain enough consumers' goods of other kinds. All this probably goes back to overambition and rashness in executing the program of the previous year. In their ardor to show large statistical results, those in charge allowed tractors to be misused by untrained operators, collected too much wheat and so did not leave enough for local consumption and for seed, and probably committed other errors. In addition, the unforeseen speed of agricultural collectivization put a terrific strain on the machinery industry and, through that, on heavy industry generally and on the inadequate supply of technically trained labor. This could not but have had an effect in slowing up output of consumers' goods. It must be comforting to the Soviet authorities, however, to know that the poor results are traceable to human mistakes and poor decisions rather than to a complex of forces which are not under control at all. For mistakes can be rectified—and

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apparently steps are being taken in Russia to do so. But who can offer our farmers any hope for the better, except through unforeseen good luck?

ONE of Mr. Hoover's outstanding characteristics is that which his admirers call firmness, his opponents pig-headed stubbornness. At the last session of Congress, he nominated Judge James H. Wilkerson to the United States Circuit Court of Appeals. Judge Wilkerson, as our readers will remember, issued the famous injunction in the railway shopmen's strike of 1922—one of the most outrageously unjust court decisions in the history of American labor. Nor is this the only blot on his 'scutcheon; even the much advertised sentence given Al Capone was a highly improper legal proceeding, since Capone was actually punished, not for evading his federal income tax, but for other crimes of which he had never been found guilty in any court. Opposition to Judge Wilkerson was strong enough to prevent a favorable report on him by the Senate Judiciary Committee. Now, however, it is related on seemingly good authority that Mr. Hoover obstinately intends to submit Judge Wilkerson's name once more. It is certain that the forces which opposed him in the past will continue to do so. If Mr. Hoover is defeated in November, little more will be heard of the nomination; but even if he wins, we do not believe that a man so patently unfit as Judge Wilkerson will be confirmed as a member of the extremely important bench of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals.

WHILE Mr. Hoover continues to summon business men to Washington for conferences, each with its six, ten or twelve points, and each a little more futile than the last, his administration goes on doing everything in its power to destroy an important sector of American foreign trade. As Peter Bogdanov of the Amtorg pointed out the other night, American exports to Russia in the first six months of this year amounted to only $7,000,000, while in 1931 they were worth, in the same period, $60,000,000. This reduction is chiefly due to the fact that America does not buy goods from Russia; and this in turn is largely the result of arbitrary regulations which hinder such trade. Any shipment of Russian goods is likely, at any moment, to be impounded until it can be proved to the satisfaction of the Treasury Department that these goods were not produced by "forced or convict labor"—something which is hard to establish legally in view of the fact that our government has no representatives in Russia. Another grave handicap is the fact that the American government does nothing whatever to help long-term financing for exports to Russia, in sharp contrast to the attitude of the chief European powers. It is well known that Russia prefers our goods to those of any other country; so it is entirely true to say that almost the sole obstacle to this highly lucrative business is the political hostility of President Hoover and his associates.

Jimmie Walker Beats the Boot

JIMMIE WALKER'S resignation as Mayor of New York was only a bit of stage play. He was on the point of being ousted by Governor Roosevelt, and knew it. By resigning instead of waiting to be dismissed, he saved a few scraps of his reputation, and made it at least technically possible to run again for the office—which he could not have done after being ousted. Moreover, his resignation would do the maximum amount of harm to the Governor, whom he has most unjustly come to regard as his enemy. The merits of Jimmie Walker's case hardly need to be mentioned at this late day. His Tammany associates give every evidence that they believe him to be guilty; they have acted from the beginning in a manner explicable only on that thesis. His attorney in the hearing before Governor Roosevelt also acted as though he took it for granted that his client was guilty; he struggled desperately and throughout to conceal, to hinder and prevent. As for the mayor himself, his only defense was to argue himself more fool than knave; he drew a picture of himself as a baby used by burglars as an unwitting confederate. To vary the figure: the lightning bolt of guilt played around his head continually, but it always missed him by a finger's breadth. This might be due to innocence; or it might be due to the fact that it is so easy to make a corrupt transaction present the plausible surface appearance of respectability.

Jimmie has announced that he will run again this fall and seek vindication at the hands of the people; and preliminary statements from Mr. Curry suggest that Tammany Hall may support him in this attempt. If it does not, the reason will be primarily, not that it wants to help Mr. Roosevelt, but that it fears that a Fusion candidate might win against Jimmie and leave the Hall cut off from its sources of supply for the next four years. But in any case, the truce with Governor Roosevelt will be only a formal one. The hatred of him among the Tammany chieftains will be as bitter as ever.

Why is this so? The answer is to be found in the fact that Roosevelt, in his removal hearings, did not strike at Walker alone but at the whole spoils system of which Tammany is the great exponent and practitioner. The Hall overlooks the fact that Roosevelt did not bring about the investigation, did not even aid it until he was finally cornered and compelled to do so. They remember only that his was the hand which, however reluctantly, tore away the flimsy curtain of concealment from the system of corruption by which Tammany governs now as it has always done. And in their rage, the Tammany chieftains may let the pleasures of revenge outweigh discretion.

The professors of political economy are nowadays hard put to it to explain the corruption of

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municipal government in America, and particularly in New York. They used to put the burden on the great masses of recent European immigrants, living in the East Side slums, and sold like so many beeves upon the political auction block. But corruption reached its worst point in New York since the days of Croker at a time when immigration had been restricted for a decade, and had only amounted to a trickle for several years. This explanation, moreover, overlooks the fact that these European immigrants came from cities or districts which were far more honest than New York. This explanation also ignores the fact that there is equal corruption in communities most of whose inhabitants are of old American stock.

It has been argued that good citizens, members of the educated bourgeoisie, feeling themselves hopelessly outnumbered by the *sansculottes,* do not bother to take part in municipal affairs; but they are equally outnumbered in other cities where they do count for something. It is of course true that the presence of large blocs of unassimilated European immigrants works to the advantage of the political machine; these blocs can be played off against one another, or manipulated at will, by their corrupt political leaders. In part, the success of Tammany is due to the fact that it has managed both to hunt with the rich and run with the poor; to seem to act the role of Robin Hood while it was really subjecting the tenement dwellers to merciless exploitation.

But most of all, unquestionably, the corruption of Tammany, which came to such a sensational climax in the Walker era, is due to the general lowering of ethical standards in a time when the business man's morality has been supreme. John T. Flynn and others have pointed out that the graft in politics is only a pale reflection of the graft in private business; and it is in many cases a result of business activities; the bribe-taker is a politician, but the bribe-giver is always a member of the business community with something to sell. The motto of business is "Get the money"; and despite all the noble talk about new codes of ethics, it is still true that success in getting the money condones whatever steps may have been necessary in the process. Compared to their Wall Street friends, Jimmie and his gang were pikers. It is the veriest folly to regard him as the villain of the piece, or to feel that his removal from office is the end of anything—except his own public career. For Jimmie Walker is completely the product of forces over which neither he nor anyone else now has any control—forces which, when they appear under other auspices, are considered thoroughly laudable. We still do sufficient obeisance to the forms of communal morality so that when a Jimmie Walker becomes sufficiently noisome in the public nostrils, a Governor Roosevelt is bound to remove him; and for this reason it is childish for Tammany to persist in its endeavor to ruin Roosevelt's chance of the presidency. But if we are to have any hope of making political democracy function in accordance with democratic ideals, we must recognize that both Jimmie Walker and Tammany itself are symptoms of a disease with which our whole civilization is sick.

Capitalist Planning at Ottawa

OFFICIAL texts of the Ottawa Conference treaties will not be published until the reassembling of the English Parliament late this autumn. Enough has already leaked out, however, to make a general appraisal of the Conference possible. It is clear that from the standpoint of Lord Beaverbrook, Mr. L. S. Amery and other "Empire unity" advocates, the Conference was a failure. They had hoped it would embrace the slogan: "Let Britons Buy from Britons," and impose a system of prohibitive tariffs against the outside world. This did not happen.

"Empire unity" failed at Ottawa despite the fact that all the chief political delegates were friendly to protection. Mr. Stanley Baldwin and Mr. Neville Chamberlain had been elected to office on the tariff issue. Premier R. B. Bennett of Canada has been one of the hottest of the "Empire crusaders." "Empire unity" was defeated at Ottawa solely because of its own inherent economic absurdity. Ottawa is—or ought to be—a gigantic object lesson to economic nationalists of every country.

Nevertheless, in a blind, rudimentary, groping way, the Ottawa Conference seems to have been a beginning toward a totally different goal—world economic planning. Perhaps never before, at a conference of autonomous nations, have economic experts played so prominent a part as they did at Ottawa. A genuine effort was made there to measure the volume and direction of trade movements, to discover the reasons for them and to see which were socially profitable and which were wasteful. It is true that the political delegates with whom the final decision lay were men of extremely limited social ideals, and that some of them—notably Mr. Bennett—could not understand what the economic experts said. But certain rough foundations were laid.

A great many of the tariff schedules agreed upon at Ottawa are sheer political hocus-pocus, designed merely to save the reputations of Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Bennett and their fellow delegates. England, for example, grants Canada a preferential tariff of six cents a bushel on wheat. In any case, this agreement would be pure fraud, since Canada has to sell about half its annual crop in the world market, and world prices necessarily govern Canada's crop as a whole.

Preferences in varying amounts are granted Canada on bacon, cheese, butter and eggs. For many years, England has imported the greater part of these commodities from Denmark. Ex-

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perts say that while these preferences may increase Canadian shipments of eggs, they are otherwise nicely calculated not to interfere with Denmark's near-monopoly of the English market. The English delegates hesitated to offend a country where trade conditions are extremely competitive.

More time was spent at Ottawa in discussing lumber than any other one commodity. Mr. Bennett put forward a demand that England set up a permanent embargo on Soviet lumber (as well as on wheat) and passionately declared: "No British country should touch the bloody hand of Russia." During nearly two weeks of violent arguments, which went on until three o'clock in the morning of the day the final treaties were signed, Mr. Baldwin refused to yield. Canada now receives a 10-percent preferential tariff on lumber, but because of the high costs of the Canadian lumber industry it will be ineffective against Russian competition.

In return for such insubstantial concessions, Canada agrees to give England either preferential tariffs or free entry for an imposing-sounding list of 220 manufactured products. Many of these are reported to be specialized articles for which England already holds a monopoly of the Canadian market. In only three categories, textiles, coal, steel and steel products, will Canadian concessions be of any real value to England; in each of these, gains made by England will be at the expense of the United States. Mr. Bennett magnificently exclaimed that he was offering $200,000,000 of United States trade to England. The English experts sourly calculated that it could not possibly amount to more than $40,000,000. American observers are inclined to believe the English estimate accurate. In these days it is a sad thing for the United States to lose even $40,000,000 worth of trade, but considering the retaliation from Canada we invited by passing the Smoot-Hawley tariff, we probably ought to feel we have come off lightly.

The solid work of the Conference, however, was expended upon the treaties between England and Australia and New Zealand. Especially important are the schedules dealing with beef, mutton, hogs and hog products. Here the Conference made a conscious effort to set up a long-range meat-production program. Some explanation, perhaps, is needed concerning the beef agreement. England's roast beef is of three grades. They are: first, home-grown Yorkshire, the most expensive and reserved for rich American tourists; second, Argentinian chilled beef, next most expensive and favored by the Tory well-to-do; third, Australian frozen beef, least expensive and the food of Mr. Lansbury's Laborites.

England now proposes to restrict the production of its home-grown beef and limit the importation of Argentinian chilled beef. The Australian government similarly agrees to limit the production and exportation of frozen beef. Hereafter indirect competition among the three grades of beef will be eliminated; each grade will have a fixed quota of the whole English market. Furthermore, competition is to be eliminated between beef as a whole and mutton, exports of which are to be strictly controlled by Australia and New Zealand. Quotas for hams and bacon are also to be prescribed; they have not yet been agreed upon.

In anticipation of the Ottawa Conference, volunteer groups of English economists had drafted elaborate proposals for an Imperial Economic Secretariat, to which was to be entrusted the working out of an all-embracing economic plan for the whole Empire. It was, for example, to provide for the transference of "old" industries from England to the Dominions and the compensating expansion in England of "new" industries. It was to estimate the world demand for raw materials, and arrange for the Empire, as a unit, to obtain its share of world production. This proposal for an Imperial Economic Secretariat was bitterly opposed by the South African premier, N. C. Havenga, and by Sean Lemass, delegate of the Irish Free State, both of whom regarded it as an attempt at English overlordship of the Dominions. The final result was a compromise. Instead of an Imperial Economic Secretariat, the Conference was persuaded to authorize an Imperial Committee on Economic Consultation and Coöperation, the immediate tasks of which are to draw up plans for the motion-picture and radio industries, to supervise and encourage voluntary planning by private industry and to arrange for standardization of manufactured products throughout the Empire.

From the standpoint of international politics, the most dramatic event at Ottawa was Mr. Baldwin's dogged defense of Anglo-Russian trade. It will be remembered that in 1927, Mr. Baldwin as head of the English government was responsible for the celebrated raid on Arcos. At Ottawa in 1932 he was ready to risk the Conference's failure rather than imperil England's good relations with Russia. This change in English Tory opinion is something our own State Department and Mr. Hoover could profitably ponder.

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EDITORS

BRUCE BLIVEN MALCOLM COWLEY R. M. LOVETT
GEORGE SOULE STARK YOUNG

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JOHN DEWEY WALDO FRANK ALVIN JOHNSON
E. C. LINDEMAN LEWIS MUMFORD GILBERT SELDES
R. G. TUGWELL LEO WOLMAN

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Britain's "Dual Policy" in India

THE RECENT history of India falls into two parts. One is the narrative of the repression, the other records the steps taken to realize the future Constitution. In the first chapter one is dealing with actual events in the physical world. So many tens of thousands of Indians have been removed from freedom to prison; a given number of tons of human substance has been carted successfully from one place to another, where it remains. One might go on to reckon, were full statistics available, the horse-power expended by the police in *lathi* blows as they dispersed meetings and broke up processions. A further account would show the numbers shot, or bombed from the air on similar occasions. These are physical facts: one is in the world of reality in recording them. When one turns to the reforms, it is otherwise. The material here is by comparison voluminous. To arrive at the physical facts one must hunt and question, and dodge the censor, relying largely on letters that arrive by some underground channel. The news about the reforms, on the contrary, fills many columns in the daily press. But it is all hypothetical, shadowy, unreal. It is about a Constitution in which no one believes, which no one will accept, which no one will consent to work. The *lathi* blows, on the other hand, are beyond a doubt sincere. They convey to a nicety in black and blue the exact sentiments of the Imperial Power.

The reader will feel no surprise, then, if I treat the repression as the more important half of Mr. MacDonald's "Dual Policy." I gather that its authors are satisfied with their work. They claimed in May that 46,000 Indians had then been imprisoned for political offenses. The Indian government does not count its prisoners as promptly as it arrests them, and it is probable that the total is now (as Indians reckon it) something over 80,000. For what, you will ask, were they imprisoned? Many for attending prohibited meetings of the party with which, as I believe, the majority of Indians sympathize: some for picketing shops to discourage the purchase of English cloth, or toddy: most of them for no overt offense whatever. The procedure is that a magistrate signs a paper which informs them that they are suspected persons, and must report themselves daily, or even twice a day, at the police station. Failure to obey this intolerably humiliating and burdensome order means a sentence of imprisonment ranging from two or three months to two years, usually in the third class, which implies (if conditions are still what I saw in 1930) the most meager of diets, gross overcrowding, the denial of such luxuries as soap and the withholding of books provided by friends.

This considerable achievement in the realm of physical causation has not as yet had the results at which its authors aim. The National Congress party is not crushed. Its existence is indeed illegal: its funds have been rooted out of the banks: it has no visible habitat. And yet this entity which ought not to be, and has in a sense vanished, continues to act and move. Its little news sheets are still manifolded, no one knows how or where, and still distributed, even in the streets of Delhi, the Viceroy's residence. It still summons meetings, and to these forbidden gatherings the people flock, though to attend them may mean a beating, imprisonment and, occasionally, a bullet in one's bones. These gatherings are held not merely in the big cities, but also in up-country towns. For some days before the announced date of such a gathering, the police will stop all buses and river boats, but none the less the peasants will troop in on foot, and stand their ground against arrests and *lathi* charges, till finally a volley disperses them. By inference from the chronicle of arrests one gathers that the boycott of English goods goes on, rigidly I believe in Bombay, less steadily elsewhere. In some districts it is said that the peasants' passive revolt against rent and land tax has been broken, but on closer examination, one discovers that to cope with this movement the authorities were obliged to cut the burden by one-half. None the less this agrarian revolt seems still to break out in new and unexpected places, even in the hitherto tranquil south. It is difficult from fragments of censored news, even with the aid of letters that arrive clumsily gummed up after being opened by the police, to piece together a picture that one can trust. I suppose that a visitor to India would not witness the gigantic public demonstrations that I saw during the milder repression of 1930, nor might he hear Congress ballads sung in every street, nor count its flags on most of the cars in which Indians sat. In that sense Congress has been driven underground. But it emerges periodically, staging its processions or its satirical *tableaux* once a month in many cities, on the fourth day, when Gandhi was jailed. Of course the volunteers who lead these demonstrations are arrested: in other words, they march deliberately into prison. While this goes on, it is manifest that India's spirit is not yet broken. Sir Samuel Hoare has failed so far in his first object of crushing Congress. He has had to renew the Ordinances, including the restrictions on the press, with the sole mitigation that certain districts are exempted from the severer provisions so long as their conduct gives satisfaction: they are, as it were, on parole. The amnesty for which Lord Lothian (a Minister) publicly pleaded was rejected by the Cabinet.

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The other half of the government's policy aimed at retaining the support of some moderate minority among Hindus and of the Moslems. It has for the time being lost the support of the former, who have gone into open opposition. The Consultative Committee on the Reforms, which included most of the leading personalities of the Round Table Conference, excepting Mr. Gandhi, has broken up. First the Hindu Liberals withdrew from it, and now the Sikhs have gone. The Liberals withdrew as a result of two speeches by Sir Samuel Hoare in which he "liquidated" not merely the Round Table Conference but the principle on which it rested. Its basis was that representatives of Indian and British parties were to sit at a table on an equal footing and reach a settlement by agreement. The Conference had met twice, had settled some details of the Constitution and sketched a vague outline of a federal structure, but had reached no final conclusions about the really contentious issues, the "safeguards" which in effect must deprive the Federal Legislature of control over the army, foreign relations, currency and the major part of its budget. Save in the most general terms, these things had not even been debated. And now it is announced that the Conference will not meet again. In its place there will be private consultations with leading Indian personalities and experts, and these will also be summoned as witnesses before the Joint Committee of the two Houses of Parliament which is to examine the draft of the bill setting up the new Constitution. Individual Indians may advise or criticize, but the plan of negotiation with collective India is dropped. We return to the procedure of the Simon Commission; as Mr. Churchill put it with his wonted realism, the Indian question has been rescued from "the hateful area of a negotiated treaty."

This was too much even for the Indian Liberals, gentle, reasonable, able but ineffectual beings that they are, and all of them, Sastri, Sapru, Jayakar, Joshi and the rest, have ceased to coöperate in a manifest sham. How long they will continue in this mind one cannot say. Sir Samuel Hoare has said plaintively that he has been misunderstood. That may be a prelude to some concession: it is whispered that the Indian "witnesses" at Westminister may be given the proud title of "assessors." But would even that restore the roundness of the Table? One visualizes the British legislators sitting in a semicircle, while the Indian witnesses stand. Perhaps seats will be provided, but the fact remains that the legislators legislate, and the Indians only advise. The idea of a treaty between equals is dead.

Numerically the Indian Liberals are of no importance. They serve, however, as a sensitive index to opinion. When they are in opposition, then Congress is sure that it is right: it has no qualms or doubts. When they support the government, Congress none the less opposes, but it feels in its inner mind, I suspect, an occasional doubt. For the moment no Hindu feels even the shadow of a passing doubt: Mr. MacDonald has ranged against himself four-fifths of India's millions. He retains the support of the older generation of Moslems, most of the princes, and the larger landowners. In short, what remains of feudal India is behind him. He has just given his award in the communal question. I do not propose to discuss it in detail. The Hindus of course reject it, and so do the Sikhs. The Moslems, while they are much too shrewd to accept it explicitly, or to abandon formally even the wildest of their claims, are manifestly content, as well they may be. It is, of course, too clever a piece of work to show any crude partiality, save, indeed, in the allocation of seats in Bengal. None the less it concedes to the Moslems, and to the conservative element generally, the one thing they cared for, the one thing that must make democracy in India unworkable and the ideal of nationality unrealizable. It reimposes the disastrous system of separate communal electorates. While that endures, there can be no coöperation between the two creeds, nor can any attempt to conduct politics on a secular basis succeed. One might go on to dwell on other singular provisions, notably the lavish special representation accorded to chambers of commerce and great landlords, the meager figure allowed to labor and the proposed franchise which must exclude the poorer half of the tenants in the villages; but it is enough to say that in every line the Constitution is designed to buttress the present social system in India, and to perpetuate the divisions that forbid any forward mass movement of the nation.

But why grow hot over this proposed Constitution? We shall never see it at work. Even if the Liberals should consent to discuss it as "assessors" at Westminster, the majority of the Indian nation, including the younger and less conservative Moslems, will reject it. One is not sure that the federal structure will ever be completed, even on paper, or even that the present British government intends that it shall be realized. The provinces, on the other hand, will doubtless receive their new Constitution next year. One provision in it, we may confidently predict, will be faithfully applied —the Governor's right to suspend it. How else could a nation in opposition be governed?

London. H. N. BRAILSFORD.

Elegy for a Shy Lady

Rain will spin its silver threads
And wind will weave them to thin strands
On her who cannot tear them off
Nor snarl them with her hands;

Birds will forsake the solid ground
And falling through the wind will cry
Lonely over one who's bound
By earth alone, not sky.

PAUL ENGLE.

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Trotting Horses

I: Spring Training

WINTER stayed late that year. March and April nights brought us snow that turned to a drizzling rain during the day. But we hardly ever missed getting the horses out. The track had a winter covering of straw and was not too deep. It used to be hard to begin the day. I slept in the tack-room and Whitey would wake me when he came in from feeding the horses. He did that for all of us. He did not mind getting up early. But those minutes smoking the first cigarette were precious. You had time to think how your clothes would feel, as you lay on the cot under the horse blankets. We were a sullen crowd around the wash pails; and tramping down the muddy road to breakfast if we talked it was about the weather. Tom and Bill had probably been out sporting most of the night. The rest of us were glad enough to sleep. I say that, and yet maybe I used to envy them.

After coffee and eggs it was easier to begin. The Old Man would be there when we got back and no weather was too rough for him unless it was really raining in earnest. In a little while the first horses were ready to go out. I used to jog four or five a morning. It was cold on the track with a wind across the infield, but not so bad if the horse didn't pull. Between trips I would run to the office for the coffee we kept boiling on the stove. On the track the Old Man used to sing to himself as he drove. He usually had something to say when he passed us. He had seen a rabbit in the brush near the far turn, or his colt was showing better action than before. Sometimes he would call to me, "Let him step along at a good road gait." I loved the way the trotter would spread at the slight relaxation of the reins, his head eager against the wind up the back-stretch; but when they pulled they would gradually wear me down until I finished up with the reins wrapped around my wrists and my fingers numb. I never saw a horse pull the Old Man. His touch was so light that even Monday morning the hardest-mouthed ones would jog on a loose rein for him.

When the work was done we used to talk horse and shoot craps in the office. The Old Man would play with us. He was stiff from many accidents on the track. He would sit in a chair and I would hand him his dice so he would not have to reach. If we went broke we could always get an advance from him.

All of a sudden it was spring. It made a lot of difference in the work. Waking in the dark under damp blankets and hearing a steady rain on the roof was over now. We could swing the doors open at night and in the morning the air was young and sweet, and the heavy dew rose in a half-haze from the grass in the infield. The awnings went up in front of the stalls, and we would sit in the camp chairs smoking, maybe watching the Old Man work a colt, talking over its chances. Among the colts, of course he had his favorite, a big, shapely, pacing filly. After lunch he would come back to the track and take her, dressed in a brilliant sheet, out under the trees to grass. He would stay out there most of the afternoon with her grazing at the end of the shank, just looking at her and smoking his cigars.

Now the horses were getting on in their work. We had the watch on them when we could. Baby trotters that three months before had fought the breaking cart were beginning to show the effortless gait and ready brush of aged horses. Many trainers at the first indication of speed would commence trying their colts, pushing them out of an easy regularity (which the Old Man maintained always with patience) until they were fretful, speed-crazy. It was a question of working always with what he had. As in many sports, trotting is a building-up, a perfection of rhythm. The finished gait of a trotter working on a clay track is as pure as a metronome.

We did not shoot craps much, now that it was fine and we had plenty to do outside, but the bootleggers got our rolls anyway—ex-grooms on a perpetual vacation, only just tolerated by the trainers, and not tolerated when the force was bleary-eyed, worthless on Mondays. But being broke did not make much difference to us; we youngsters had no real use for money except to pay our board. The old caretakers were careful. They saved what they could, waiting for one of those rare days when they knew the horse they took care of was ready and the odds were right in the pool-tent. I knew when the spring came and some of the real old-timers came drifting to the track looking for jobs. Many of them were the kind that stayed a week and then went on a jag, putting Tuttle's elixir in their beer or some such thing; then they would drift on. Where they had spent the winter God knows. Some of them in Homes or hospitals for ailments that the spring seemed to warm out of them somehow. The Old Man never turned any of them away. They could have some little job fixing fires, heating water, leading horses, enough to pay for their meals. Or if they asked him for a little loan they always got it. But that kind never worked for outfits like ours. It's funny how I remember the amused, quizzical look he always wore when we touched him for a loan.

One of the owners, unlike the others, used to

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stay late in the evenings, sitting out under the awnings talking with us; going over reminiscently the races and horses and drivers he remembered from the days when he had a big stable of horses. Now he owned nothing but a share in one of the colts. There was a story he told of how he and the Old Man had been going to make a killing in the West with a roan pacer. In the pool-tent at Cleveland, on the morning of the race, this owner bet enough to stand to win a hundred thousand nearly. Murphy, the great driver, had the favorite, and he was backed by all the New York millionaires. At the post the big field was difficult. It took the horses an hour to get away. Murphy's horse was worn out by the July sun and the Old Man won the first heat off by himself.

The owner, sitting with us in the dusk by the stalls, talked well of the race, without emphasis or excitement. It was long past. But he made me vividly see the huge crowd and the anxious group of betters in the tent and the sweating horses tearing down the stretch to the wire urged by drivers frantic with the thought of the money at stake. Except the Old Man. He knew what his horse could do, and knew that no extra shouting or lifting would bring him home sooner. But after the first heat he found the owner and told him to hedge in the tent; told him he was afraid he could not go on to win. He might, but he feared the hour's strain at the post and all had been too much. They might yet win a big sum if the owner hedged, even if they lost the race. But the owner wanted to take the chance. He had brought his brothers out West with him to see the race, and he felt that now they could not lose; he had bragged about that pacer all winter. But they did lose, just as the Old Man had feared. Talking to us that evening, the owner made me feel that maybe the little time of anticipated victory had been worth it all. They won many races afterwards with that horse; their biggest killing was at the Toronto winter meet.

I went away the end of May. The thing that meant most to me in my life there, perhaps, drove me away, the monotony of it: jogging the horses in the morning, the sun gradually taking the chill from the spring day, and cooling them after on a wide circle worn through the rank witch-grass before the stables, and the long afternoons of grooming, grazing horses, and cleaning tack, and walking idly in the evening under the great trees just coming to leaf around Charter Oak track; all of these things slipped so easily one into another that time almost meant nothing any more.

II: The Races

At the races it's a new town every week, but to us inside the fence all towns are much the same. Drivers, grooms, blacksmiths, pool-sellers, betting men and owners, the same faces. Good grass or no grass, water and electric lights or a long trek with the buckets, these are the differences. The afternoon of the day before the meet the trucks pull in, stables are set right, awnings go up, stalls are decorated. In an hour it all looks like home training quarters, only with something of a holiday air. The stalls are banked with long rye straw; the gold-trimmed harness, the boots or hopples, are neatly hung in the box (the horse knows better than to touch them). An ash plaque with the grain polished and surrounded with its natural bark tells the name and record of the trotter from above his stall.

Most stables racing on the big circuits confine themselves pretty well to those meets, but not ours. The Old Man used to say, "An owner would rather win a three-hundred-dollar purse in the pumpkins any day than come second in a thousand-dollar stake on the big apple." So we would split up going to the races; the slower horses at the little fairs, the fast brigade after the big money. It kept the Old Man busy driving sometimes at three towns a week, perhaps hundreds of miles apart. The crowds all knew him, even to the little boys who would stand open-mouthed watching us unload the trucks with their perpetual, "Gee, is that a good horse, Mister?" And once I sat next to an old fellow in the stands: "Yes," he said half to himself, "I saw Harry Brusie drive his first race. They threw him over the fence and smashed his sulky the first heat, but I'll be doggoned if that boy didn't come back, borrow another one and finish in the money. He was smart all right, but crazy after the horses." And I guess he saw the Old Man not as one of the best known drivers in the country driving a Futurity colt, but as an excited lad up behind his first horse, a bay gelding named Hugo, hitched to a high-wheel sulky at the Great Barrington County Fair, fifty years ago.

In the early morning the smoke from the little fires heating water in front of the stables goes straight up. Before the sun is high a few horses are jogging, a muffled, effortless clop, clop, clop on the dew-damp track. They are joined by others until the track is a ring of lazily moving horses. A trainer comes out hitched to a sulky and after a few turns goes away fast, flying by the loafing line, the staccato hoofbeats a contrast. Men with watches gather around the bench at the draw-gate, middle-aged or elderly men. Most of the regulars were in their prime when the driving horse was more than a track performer, when blood lines of roadsters were of as much interest to the general public as are the endlessly advertised merits of different cars today.

Two or three hours before the races the big pool-tent on the back stretch begins to fill. Auction pools, where the better bids against the crowd for a ticket on his horse, a ticket sold on each horse in the race completing the pool, were once the standard fashion of betting in America. But now they survive only with the trotters; they are too slow for the modern gambler. Here,

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people don't mind, and Franklin Muzzy from Pittsfield, New Hampshire, who has sold pools all through the East for thirty years, keeps the crowd in a good humor, with Yankee jokes that help the New Englanders forget the extravagance of a little plunge. There are no women in the tent, as there are in the paddock of Saratoga and Churchill Downs. There are no form sheets, no touts and tipsters, no charts. The crowd is made up of owners and their friends, drivers, each usually with a following of stable connections, business men vacationing, following their favorite sport, a few professional gamblers and the horsey element of that particular town. No strangers; if one sauntered in, his bid would probably be overlooked. This is a family affair.

The trainer-driver is as different a type as could be imagined from the traditional jockey, the "monkey on a stick." Picture a man over sixty, six feet, thin, sunburnt, cap over his eyes and a thumb through the suspenders, blue-satin jacket open in the front, a combination of the old-time livery-stable keeper and David Harum, and a good deal of the upstate banker, too (the man I am thinking of is worth over a million dollars), and David Harum's dry humor between puffs at a cigar stub. Years ago Fred Archer, greatest of English jockeys, came to this country on a visit. At a dinner given to him, he met John Splan, trotting trainer and wit. "What are your principal Fixed Events over here, Mr. Splan?" said Archer, meaning classics. "Well, to tell you the truth, Mr. Archer, most of them are," said Splan. But though the answer was good, "fixed" is too strong a word for the little ruses and dodges that go with "putting something over on the boys." It's all part of the thoroughly New England tradition of the game, and the fellow who pops up in a race with an unexpectedly fast horse is not looked down on; he is respected for having done something "pretty cute."

And the loving care that we grooms gave to our horses—to our one horse, rather, for each trotter had a separate groom. Our long summer day was full, from the early walk in the dew to take any possible soreness from the hooves, to the liniment massage at night and the final doing-up of those delicate and precious legs in cotton and bandages. On race day we would lead our champion—or near-champion, or just another mane and tail—out to the home stretch with the Old Man walking behind holding the lines. There we would wait the finish of the heat, ready with an "I told you so" if he won or an excuse if he lost. Yes, the days were full, but, especially at the big fairs, it was fun to sit down for a minute before turning in and look away across the track at the colored lights of the midway, the slow movement of the tired crowd, the tired lift of a nearly empty ferris-wheel.

There are many ways of feeling the pull of trotting. Maybe it's best of all as a spectacle—not just the races, the thrill of a closely contested heat, but the long spectacle of spring training, the caravaning from city to city, the work-out miles in the morning, the routine of expertly caring for the horses. Once at a fair, when the races were over and the crowd drifting away from the stands, a pacer came out to work. A shrill country band was playing the crowd out, and the pacer with the driver immobile behind him seemed to skim through the evening light, alone on the track. I think the band was playing "High, High, High up in the Hills."

EVAN SHIPMAN.

John Morley

WHY IS John Morley such a dreary man? He had certain qualities which command respect. He gave what I suppose is the best account in English of the intellectual background of the French Revolution and he defended the Revolution staunchly against the reactionary French—such as Taine—themselves. He stands out in the Liberal world which he inhabited for a near-Scotch North-of-England hard-mindedness, a capacity for sticking grimly to principle. He did not hesitate to incur unpopularity by advocating generous policies in the cases of Ireland, South Africa and India and by resigning from the Cabinet over the declaration of war with Germany.

Why then is Morley so unsatisfactory? Why do his "Recollections," for example, seem the flattest and dryest autobiography ever produced by an interesting life?

The trouble is perhaps not so much with Morley as with the Liberal parliamentary milieu in which he tried to function. Morley seems to have seen himself playing a role analogous to that of the French eighteenth-century philosophers—at least he was always going to them for intellectual nourishment and backing. But there was really very little in common between the world of Rousseau, Diderot, Condorcet and Voltaire and that of Gladstone, Asquith and Company. Morley's real intellectual affinities were rather with the straight-thinking, clear-speaking French, but he was led, an Englishman after all, to adapt himself to the atmosphere of mellow culture and political compromise in which the English Liberal leaders moved. And he never quite fitted into this. Morley's master, the great Mr. Gladstone, was a thundering politician, but Morley himself was too much a man of prin-

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ciple to be a really first-rate politician. And there was too much of the Northern bleakness about him for him ever to acquire the true patina of parliamentary-university culture. There is something awkward and a little forced about his efforts to strike the right note as we read about them in his journal.

> July 9, '91.—Lunched at Londonderry House: a very brilliant affair; not fewer than fifty guests. Along with others I was presented to the German Emperor; he bowed and shook hands, asked if I had recovered from my illness, and said they had influenza in Germany, and then my intercourse with him ended. But I was immensely interested in watching a man with such a part to play in Europe. . . . Balfour, Lecky and I walked last into the room, B. and I exchanging a word or two about Castlereagh, as was natural under that roof. "The more I study the matter," said I, "the more do I feel that time makes Castlereagh bigger and Canning less." I think he leaned the same way. The meal was sumptuous; the music not too loud; each table with a little mountain of roses, all pink here and deep rose there, and so forth. Coffee and cigarettes in the fine gallery. We did not disperse until nearly four. . . .
>
> After breakfast, rushed into my study; jotted down some thoughts that had come into my mind about Bright, whose statue I am to unveil one of these days. Looked up the pathetic passage in the "Agamemnon" about the desolation of Menelaus and his halls after the flight of Helen, and found from Milman's graceful rendering that there is an alternative version of *atimos all' aloidoros*. Learnt some lines from the "Supplices" about the burial of the conquered.

There was also, as appears in this diary, a certain amount of the snob in Morley: on one of his sides, he thoroughly enjoyed the Kaiser and Mr. Balfour and the little mountain of roses and coffee and cigarettes in the fine gallery. Like Arnold Bennett, he was not only the representative of Literature and the champion of Reason: he was a boy from the North who had made good.

The result of all this, in the "Recollections," is to make English political life look like a refined farce. The more solemn Morley sounds about it, the more Parliament seems merely a game at which well-to-do people play and which, whether Tory or Liberal, they do not really take seriously. Morley's unfitness for the role has the effect of making the role seem suspect. And on the other hand poor old Morley does not come out very well himself. Though he is serious and solid enough to show up the superficiality of his colleagues, he is not quite serious enough to prevent us from wondering what he is doing in that galley anyway. After all, why should the exponent of Rousseau ever have found himself in the position of trying to govern the Empire? Why, with the best intentioned Liberal policy in the world, should he be pursuing Irish moonlighters or combating Indian "sedition"? What would Condorcet have said?

John Morley had been born in the cotton-spinning town of Blackburn. "The punctual clang of the factory bell," he writes, "in dark early mornings, with the clatter of the wooden clogs as their wearers hastened along the stone flags to the mill, the ceaseless search for improvements in steam-power and machinery and extension of new markets, the steady industry, the iron regularity of days and hours, long remained in memory as the background of youth, with perhaps a silent passage into my own ways and mental habits from the circumambient atmosphere of some traits of my compatriots."

Morley's point of view was always that of the capitalist middle class which had come up with the industrial revolution. He went back for moral stimulus to the middle-class radicalism of the eighteenth century, and gave a very wide berth to the revolutionary radicalism of his own time. "It is easy to talk," he will write, "as Macaulay does, of the higher and middling orders being the natural representatives of the human race. But are they the natural representatives of the needs of the human race? Have the higher and middling orders no prejudices, interests, indolence, of their own, to deaden their perception of Rousseau's resplendent commonplace: ' 'Tis the people that compose the human race; what is not people is so small a concern that it is not worth the trouble of counting'? Bright put the same civilizing truth in homelier words when he reminded us that great halls and baronial castles do not make a nation; the nation in every country dwells in the cottage." But though it is true that, from the liberal point of view, Morley is a considerable improvement on Macaulay, though he would never, as Macaulay did in India when a native asked him for a lift, have exclaimed at the impudence of an Indian's asking to ride with an English gentleman; yet he was probably as close to Macaulay as he was to Rousseau. He had been assimilated into the English governing class as Macaulay had been and, whatever he might say, he had come to share many of its assumptions. After all, he served as Secretary for India for the same imperial government which had sent Macaulay there and he was still living in the same London world, going to the same great houses, taking part in the same parliamentary debates, getting up the same classical allusions. (John Jay Chapman has said that the development of English classical scholarship should really be regarded as an incident in the expansion of the British Empire.)

And he was certainly no friend of labor. When an acute labor question arose, Morley was immediately back again in Blackburn lined up with the employing class. He used to oppose eight hours' labor bills on the ground that they interfered unjustifiably with the rights of adult labor.

EDMUND WILSON.

In the sixth of this series of eight articles Mr. Wilson will discuss Lytton Strachey.—THE EDITORS.

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The Illinois Mine Battle

AGAIN American workers in peaceful mass demonstration have been met with open violence. The fifteen thousand striking miners who marched upon Franklin County, Illinois, to picket mines in operation there, were led into ambush and routed in confusion. As in the march on the Ford plant at Dearborn, as in the eviction of the Bonus Army, guns and clubs were used against men and women who had committed no overt or unlawful act. When the sound of the first volley from machine guns, sawed-off shotguns and rifles broke, those in the middle and at the end, who could not see what was happening at the front of the nine-mile cavalcade, cried, "They're shooting our men, they're killing them." They were cries not so much of terror as amazement; the majority of the strikers, who had prevailed over a small militant minority in favor of arms, had not believed, despite the persistent threats of the sheriff and other officials, that guns would be actually used. It is a lesson which gradually is being forced upon workers throughout the country.

There is, to be sure, an argument of expediency, a defense stronger than that which President Hoover made for himself after evicting the Bonus Army. What would have happened if the fifteen thousand miners, many of them accompanied by their wives, had been allowed to enter Franklin County, where there were an estimated five thousand guns in possession of citizen deputies, mine guards and gunmen employed by operators and officials of the United Mine Workers? Would there not have been wholesale massacre?

These are the questions raised by those who argue expediency. To answer that there undoubtedly would have been serious bloodshed is no answer at all, for it is a confession—and many of the officials of Franklin County openly made this confession—that law and order were completely abrogated and that the miners who remained at work did so under fear of prolonged terrorism. This was the avowed objective of the strikers who organized the march: Go peaceably into the county and show the miners there that they need not be afraid to join us, that there is strength in our numbers. Even under the protection of five thousand guns, the operators and John L. Lewis and his bodyguard were afraid to meet that test.

For many years southern Illinois—Little Egypt—has been the scene of violence. Bloody Herrin is a recent memory. But the present outbreak differs from anything that has happened before. In previous disturbances the miners have had the support of their national organization and of the officials, business and professional people in the communities in which they live. This time the division is sharp. On the one hand are the mass of miners, under rank and file leadership; on the other are the operators, the highly paid officials of the union and the business and professional people with their deputies.

In 1928 District No. 12 of the United Mine Workers in southern Illinois gave reluctant approval to Lewis' Jacksonville agreement which reduced the basic wage scale from $7.50 to $6.10 a day. Even in prosperous 1928 the miners worked only a few days each month. Their wages since 1929 have averaged $500 to $700 a year. Many thousands were totally unemployed.

Last February, District 12 held a scale convention to consider a new contract. It was the unanimous decision of this convention to demand the six-hour day and the five-day week with no reduction in the basic wage of $6.10 a day. This would have meant the reëmployment of from twenty to twenty-five thousand men. Altogether the miners made twenty-nine demands.

For three months union officials conferred with operators. They came out with an agreement that included not one of the twenty-nine demands; it called for the eight-hour day at a basic wage of $5, actually a cut of from 18 to 35 percent for the various scales. Under the constitution of the U.M.W. such an agreement must be submitted to the whole membership for approval. It was rejected by a vote of about 25,000 to 10,000. National and district officials promptly declared a fraud had been committed and ordered a new referendum. But first they conducted an "educational" campaign.

Lewis and his national machine moved into county after county. They raised the Red and foreign issues. "You come with us," they said to many, "and we'll shut out those so-and-so foreigners." There were acts of minor violence. Franklin County began to arm. Paid gunmen and plug-uglies from East St. Louis and Kentucky were seen on the streets of West Frankfort and Benton. At the invitation of business men Lewis spoke in Benton from a bulletproof speakers' stand. He was surrounded by a bodyguard and a paid claque who cheered, shouted and stamped at frequent intervals. This was for the benefit of the radio hook-up which carried the speech throughout southern Illinois. Few miners attended this or subsequent meetings.

At the next referendum the miners themselves took every precaution to prevent fraud; they instituted the secret ballot. When the ballots were sent to Springfield to be counted, a number of locals asked permission to have watchers check the count. After long argument they were al-

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lowed three watchers, but these watchers were not permitted to speak nor were they permitted to use pencil and paper. The first returns, from about one hundred locals, showed a majority of from four to six thousand for repudiation of the agreement.

The uncounted ballots were placed overnight in a bank vault. The following morning the watchers, taking every precaution, went to the bank. They saw two tellers for the district arrive, go into the vault, get a bundle and walk down the street. After a block or two they encountered a car in which Fox Hughes, a district official, was riding. One of the tellers spoke to Hughes and then beckoned to the other teller, who came up to the car and tossed the bundle into it. A few minutes later the two tellers appeared at the union offices and announced that they had been robbed of the ballots.

At once Lewis announced that a state of emergency existed and the agreement would be signed. Duplicate ballots could have been obtained in eight hours. One local after another voted to strike despite everything that national and district officials could do. More than 25,000 men went out. But in Franklin County mine owners, supported by merchants and law officers, were determined to operate. The Peabody Coal Company, under direction of those who are salvaging the Insull wreckage, had just obtained two large railroad contracts. There was renewed terrorism; guard lines were doubled. Foreign workers were threatened with arrest for making home brew if they did not stay on the job.

Professor A. O. Carlson, of Commonwealth College and the University of Chicago, his wife and two students were arrested, and Carlson was assaulted by a deputy sheriff at West Frankfort when they came into the county to make an investigation. It was only with the greatest difficulty that they obtained their release from jail. Another group of students from Middle Western universities was turned back, forced to take with them the food supplies they had brought for the relief of striking miners. Ironically enough, only a few months before, Franklin County newspapers had carried long editorials to the effect that such a thing could happen only in the unorganized fields of Kentucky.

Picketing became extremely hazardous. Numerous meetings were broken up by violence. Leaders were warned to get out. State's Attorney Marion Hart told Professor Carlson that law and order had completely broken down and warned him not to come into the county again. Joe Colbert, secretary of a local union at Orient, was an opponent of the $5 scale; he was working in his garden when three men drove up, called him to the fence and, without warning, shot him dead.

At Zeigler, on August 22, mine guards fired on pickets. The body of Dominic Lauranti, who had mined coal in the district for eleven years, was found to contain sixty-five bullet wounds, but death was caused, an examination disclosed, by a blow from the butt of a shotgun or other heavy instrument on the back of the neck. Several others were wounded. Later the same morning, deputies and mine guards fired into a group of men, women and children who were standing in peaceable discussion on a street corner in Zeigler. A boy of ten was struck in the head by shotgun bullets; Mrs. Peter Arnett was pulled out of her husband's car by the hair; Mrs. Charles Mulloy's arm was broken by blows from a deputy's club; Frank Urban was struck on the head by a rifle butt; a crippled miner was beaten because he couldn't run when ordered to. Throughout that day and the following day the reign of terror continued.

A policy committee, composed of the rank and file of the locals of the district, then assembled outside Franklin County to discuss ways and means. A march upon the mines that were still in operation was decided upon; it was felt that it would be possible to rescue those miners who were working under compulsion of terror and threat. A small faction advocated arms. This group said: "They've said they'll fire on us, and they will. Let those in the rear carry about 500 guns. When the shooting begins, those in the front ranks will fall flat and those in the rear can open up on the guards and deputies." A large majority vetoed this proposal. It was the consensus of opinion that there would be no firing on unarmed men and women.

The line of marchers in trucks and flivvers swelled in numbers as it passed from town to town until about fifteen thousand were in the cavalcade. It was like a picnic. There were large American flags at the head of the procession and many cars bore smaller flags. A half-dozen trucks carried provisions. Many trucks bore placards stating the aims of the march. "Little Cigar," an Italian who had kept picket lines in good spirits, pumped on his accordion. Bedding protruded from all automobiles. The objective the first night was Dowell, a small mining town in Jackson County, three miles from the Franklin County line. The mayor had invited the marching strikers to Dowell and a camp had been provided for them.

At Pinckneyville an attempt was made to stop the march, but after two hours of argument the leaders won the right to continue. It was here that the order of the line of march was disturbed and the original leaders lost their places. At a fork in the road a few miles from Dowell the cavalcade was halted by deputies of Perry and Jackson Counties and by state highway patrolmen who had barricaded the road. They ordered the cavalcade to proceed down the highway that led away from Dowell and toward the Franklin County line.

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The miners had not gone far when they ran into the ambush. About three hundred armed men were entrenched on both sides of the road in deep gullies. When the first cars were well within the line of fire, a deputy approached the lead car and smashed the windshield with a club. The firing began. Clubs and rifle butts were swung on heads and car windows. "We're not armed," some of the men cried in panic. Women's screams were heard above the clatter of the guns. Occasionally from the ranks of the deputies could be heard, "Stop that shooting." But it went on. The first cars tried to turn around and soon there was a hopeless tangle. Men were pursued through the fields and clubbed over the head. At the rear, too, there was complete demoralization.

A majority retreated as far as Duquoin. About one hundred and fifty men and women were injured, a half-dozen by gun fire. A week later two miners were missing, despite a thorough search of cornfields near the scene of the attack. About two hundred cars were damaged. While the first reaction was one of embittered frustration, there were very few who wavered in their determination to maintain the strike. Two weeks ago there were about 4,000 miners at work in Franklin County. Today there are less than 2,000 in the mines.

The strike leaders are determined to form a new union. Whether it will be a more socialized union or the old type is still a question. They are determined, too, as they have announced, to continue a peaceable policy of appeal. But whether they will be able to control militant individuals is also still a question. There are many who expect violent reprisals. But there is no tendency to seek shelter within the safe confines of the union of Lewis and his machine.

MARQUIS W. CHILDS.

Washington Notes

Messrs. Coolidge and Smith—A Prodigal Democrat Returns—Bonus Trouble—A Big Vote for Thomas

WITH Smith on the one side and Coolidge on the other in a state of masterly inactivity, the campaign of each party seems incomplete, though the election is hardly more than nine weeks away. Soon or late, I have no doubt, each of these concededly popular persons will do his duty as a regular and support his party ticket, but with an equal lack of enthusiasm and in an equally unconvincing, not to say ungracious, fashion.

I doubt very much that either of them, if and when he speaks, will now affect the situation or enhance the chances of the side he espouses. The business interests of the East, with which Mr. Coolidge is supposed to carry much weight, are already solidly behind Mr. Hoover, as are the state organizations everywhere. Coolidge's support will not carry a single state for Hoover that he otherwise would not get. Everybody knows he is for the Republican ticket anyhow. There is not the least doubt of his attitude and yet there will be intense gratification among the Hoover managers when his public declaration is made, no matter how reluctantly and with what reservations.

As for Smith, of course, the time is past when what he says in support of Roosevelt and Garner can have the slightest flavor of spontaneity or sincerity. Obviously his appeal will be as a regular to regulars and I think it will have slight weight with the disaffected Catholics who, coupling the names of Roosevelt and Garner with those of McAdoo and Hearst, think the quartet treated their hero in a shameful way. Nevertheless, the support of the Messrs. Coolidge and Smith is regarded by the managers on both sides as highly important. More concern about them is felt than appears on the surface. What they say will have as wide an audience as anything said by either of the candidates and will be more interesting—interesting as much for what they do not say as for what they do.

Democratic leaders, these past few days, have been greatly cheered by two things. One is the continuation of the reports of the extraordinary Republican revolt in California, indicating the carrying of that great Republican stronghold by Roosevelt. The other is the return from Europe of the Honorable Bernard M. Baruch. The joy of the Roosevelt managers at the homecoming of Mr. Baruch is of course directly connected with the condition of the campaign chest, which is about as bare as bare can be. In fact, as I have pointed out before, the headquarters both here and in New York are living a hand-to-mouth existence. The eloquent appeal for funds to the "forgotten man" was just as unsatisfactory as it always has been and no experienced politician thought it would be otherwise. The "forgotten man" has no funds. He never has had. He has a vote, but he is not a contributor and cannot be turned into one. The appeal to him is a good political gesture, but that is about all.

The Roosevelt management needs money and Mr. Baruch has the money. Moreover, he long ago formed the habit of giving it away to the Democratic party with both hands during campaigns. The truth is that Baruch has in his time given more money to the Democratic party and to Democratic candidates than any other man ever heard of. For a great many years he has given not only to the National Committee but to the state committees in states where candidates in whom he was interested or whom he liked were running. I hesitate to make an estimate of the amount thus dispensed by Mr. Baruch, who prides himself upon being a Southern Democrat, but it is so vastly in excess of Raskob's much advertised financing that it has always been a mystery to me why that perfectly transparent little gentleman should have been pictured as the open-handed financial angel of the Democracy and Baruch left out of the picture. Probably one of the reasons is that Baruch has not only successfully endeavored not to advertise his gifts but has certainly not tried to get his money back. None the less, the fact remains that Baruch has dispensed two dollars to Raskob's one and is giving now when Raskob has tightened up. From what one hears in Washington, the interest which Mr. Raskob has in this campaign is extremely diluted, and about the only financial assistance

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the Roosevelt ticket is likely to receive from him is a generous failure to press for payment of the $400,000 still owing him. Baruch is the real hope. This time, as in previous campaigns, Baruch will supply—or at least is expected to supply—more of the sinews of war than any other individual. As a matter of fact he seems to be about the only man of great wealth, other than young Vincent Astor, who is really interested in the Roosevelt-Garner candidacies—and the amount Mr. Astor gives is not at all likely, I think, to qualify him for membership among the party's mortgage holders.

No wonder, then, that the return of Baruch broadens the smile on the boyish countenance of Big Jim Farley and even lightens the gloom of the astute Colonel Louis McHenry Howe, the real power behind the Roosevelt fight and the closest personal and political friend the Governor has. Howe is to Roosevelt what Stearns was to Coolidge, except that he has vastly more influence with his hero than Mr. Stearns had with his. With Baruch's return the immediate and pressing financial difficulties of the Democratic management are expected to be relieved—and that is a great help. But the Governor himself has other worries. Pressure is being brought upon him to declare against the bonus—pressure of a sort hard to ignore. It comes not only from the estimable New York Times, which is not giving him as yet what could fairly be termed whole-hearted support, but from a good many of his more conservative friends in the East. It is not an easy position in which this pressure places him. American Legion conventions all over the country are going on record favoring immediate payment of the bonus and hissing Hoover as they vote. As things stand today the great bulk of the veteran vote appears extremely anti-Hoover, whose position in opposition to immediate payment was made abundantly plain at the last session of Congress. Pressure is now being exerted upon the Governor to force him to announce publicly that if he is elected President he, too, would veto the bill. If, however, he refuses to succumb to this influence, the plan apparently is to denounce him for lack of courage and candor. If he does express his opposition, it is believed that he will drive back toward Hoover all the Republican pro-bonus boys now inclined in his direction.

Clearly it is not a pleasant decision for a candidate to make and Roosevelt's advisers are resentful at the effort to force him to take a stand upon a deeply controversial question that may lose him a lot of votes.

In Washington, from both Democrats and Republicans, there come to me day after day stories of the number of people in various sections who say they are going to vote for Norman Thomas, the Socialist candidate for the presidency. Hardly anyone appears not to have come into contact with people like this. A good many of them, it is true, do not really mean it, but a lot of them do. Some of the most practical political observers I know estimate that the vote for the Socialist candidate this year will rise from the 267,420 of 1928 to anywhere between two and three millions. These estimates are not at all based on an increase in the actual Socialist vote. This, of course, will be larger than before; but the great bulk of the increase expected for Thomas will come from people who know practically nothing about the Socialist platform and would have little sympathy with it if they knew it by heart. They will almost exclusively come from the ranks of disgusted Democrats and Republicans who dislike Hoover but cannot swallow the alternative.

It is an interesting prospect that makes one appreciate more fully than before what a grand opportunity the so-called progressives lost to establish their movement upon a national basis. Their failure to evolve a program, effect unity among themselves and present a real third party with a real candidate and a real platform is rather pathetic when you think it over.

If, back in March, 1931, when the Progressive Conference was held here in Washington, they had carried out their plans and kept militantly together, there would today be in the field a real progressive party. It would have filled the need of the hour and attracted support that would have established it as a permanent political entity. Instead they let the whole idea fall to the ground. Through unworthy jealousies among individuals, the opportunity was muffed, and today the progressive Senators are less heard from and less potent than they have any right to be. It seems a great pity, because the time was ripe and the conditions almost hand-made. Both the Democratic and the Republican dogs badly need a beating. The progressives threw away their stick.

Washington. T. R. B.

Madame's A

I HEARD once a story of how von Bülow, conducting a rehearsal, tried time after time to get the soprano on the key, until finally in desperation he stopped the orchestra and said, "Madame, will you kindly give us *your* A!"

I have just seen the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production of Eugene O'Neill's "Strange Interlude," regarded in advance, I believe, as the highest attempt of the moving picture so far at serious art. One scene, two scenes and the effect was plain. It was nothing but the photograph of a play being acted. It was only another example of the setback that the talking element has given to the art of the films. The speaking was not necessarily more than a temporary setback of course; but this new venture does definitely help toward an evasion. The problem was there to be solved: what are the essential elements of the moving picture, elements which may or may not belong to other arts, but which definitely are inherent in this particular art and which, taken all together, distinguish it from any other art? The final test of any artist in any art is that all he expresses is expressed in the terms, singular and pure, of the art he works in; this is an esthetic platitude, though obvious only to those whom it is obvious to. The solution of this cinema problem was slowly under way, the talking was an inevitable and desirable addition; the struggle for the solution must go on, and there we are.

This Hollywood version of "Strange Interlude" cuts a five-hour drama to something like an hour and fifty minutes —and long enough it is at that. In doing so it removes some of the play's worst defects—the pseudo-scientific modern mumbo-jumbo of the last scenes, for instance, disappears. On the other hand, much of the play's best quality is out of the film version: a mordant poignancy now

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and again in the speeches and the reactions portrayed, a bitter tang of inner reality, the inmost character and emotional movement of this dramatist. In omitting this, of course, all the more of the burden of the play's meaning is thrown on the acting.

Of the actors, Miss Norma Shearer, Mr. Clark Gable, Mr. Ralph Morgan, Miss May Robson, Mr. Alexander Kirkland, in the main parts, none is impossibly bad; none, except Mr. Alexander Kirkland in some of his scenes—that, for example, where Sam suffered a stroke—is notably good. The intensity necessary for the story and for the method especially, the subjective asides and so on, in which the play is written, comes off much too shallow and concentrated—or perhaps spotty is a better word for it. And among these players the one thing in which the moving pictures excel, as compared with our stage, make-up, is surprisingly bad. Miss Shearer—who all during the piece suffers so from the Hollywood imposition of good looks, coming up out of the Dead Sea itself if necessary as impeccable as a beauty parlor, is well made up, as Nina passes from ravishing youth to chic old age. Mr. Kirkland, too, is often made up well, if a little obviously. Mr. Clark Gable's make-up, as the doctor, though it takes no chances with his handsome waist line, is as bad as his acting; and Mr. Morgan in one venerable scene certainly looks as if his hair were full of meringue from one of those despised pies of earlier Hollywood history. Madame Daykarkhanova should give up her school of make-up here in New York, where few of our actors have even the will, much less the ability, to learn the art, and go to Hollywood.

A few scenes have been added to this picture that are not in the play itself, but that do at least belong in the special field of the films; they are characteristic and particular to this film art. There is the wedding scene, where Nina and Sam are married, which is adolescent, wasteful and gets the plot nowhere. There are the scenes out of doors, beside the sea, for example, which are legitimate but merely banal and as photography not interesting. There are the yacht and racing scenes, which are wholly legitimate to the story and possible only to the cinema. The matter of the asides, which were a much advertised feature of the play when it was produced, but which are as old as the theatre itself, was easier in the moving picture than on the stage: you had only to shut the actor's mouth, direct his expression and run the talking machine till the lines were said. And so it is that "Strange Interlude," as a serious heroic effort, willing to sacrifice if necessary the happy housewives in the audience, gets pretty much nowhere beyond a mere photograph of a play that is being acted in a theatre, not so very much more important than a Victrola record of, say, the Aguilar Quartette. At that it all turns out to be a mild form of the play; the poor heroine is apparently mixed up among her four men and we get very little of the acrid, biological forces, the pressure of passions, the web of inner human destinies, the urge of life, that Eugene O'Neill's play subsists by.

All this has led me further to reflect on what we have achieved in the moving picture. I have not seen every new wonder as it arrives, captivating, brilliant, exposing scandals in homes, colleges or Washington, romantic, unforgettable, such-as-has-never-been-seen-before, daring, lavish, et cetera, as according to the advertisements and electric letterings they may have been. But I have been concluding that Hollywood has, for the most part, given us two things mainly: photography and acting. There is photography that is capital, exciting, modern, experimental and so on, to be taken seriously as something going on in the art. There is also photography that is interesting not as an art but for what it shows us, pretty specimens of horses, fashionable gowns and trees, for instance, or ways of dressing the hair, or personality persons mostly of an interest that is manufactured by publicity agents and articles and advertisements of cigarettes and of toilet luxuries that have preserved their youthful looks even at their ages—Sarah Bernhardt's pictures at sixty, without the aid of the saving toilet goods, looked as young as any of them, what with the help of grease paint and the photographer's pencil. Besides the photography that the films have offered, there is acting. These two things.

As to plays, the moving picture has given us almost nothing. It is true they have taken over the whole repertoire of plays out of the last three decades and have even drawn on Shakespeare, as for instance the Fairbanks-Pickford production of "The Taming of the Shrew," distorted beyond recognition almost and tedious, rackety and vulgar. But, as for plays in general, by the time the producers and scenario writers got through with them there was none too much to be said. I have never seen a moving picture in which the play was really important, to be taken as very serious art. (This, of course, is not saying that the theatre itself has been overcrowded with such works.)

I have asked the opinion of one of the most able, widely read and influential movie critics in America on this point, and he agrees with me. He has seen very delightful adventure plays, or detective pieces, or rippling comedies that came off very well; but he has never seen a significant play, in the sense we mean when speaking of the theatre. There are now and again scenes, yes, but not plays. (I confess to him that this is often the very reason I like the movies. I like to relapse into something like a soothing imbecility, sitting comfortably, resting and nibbling thus at a bit of intellectual candy. "Tarzan of the Apes," for example, those pretty trapeze scenes when Johnny Weismuller was supposed to be leaping from bough to bough in the African forest; that seized English girl, dissatisfied with an oversophisticated London civilization that she evinced none too many signs of, carried up by the ape-man into his tree nest, everybody very modest the while, spending the night and brought down next morning by the kind, dumb ape man to her anxious father, who, trying to question her, says of course he understands that she is nervous, that she has had quite a shock. One must have a vast stuffy-mindedness not to enjoy this entertainment, with all its people, loyal elephants, vegetation and swimming feats, coming to us as if it had fallen from a Christmas tree, all suspense, surprise, silliness and tosh; there is no need to think of such prose matters, for instance, as giving birth to the ape-man lover's first-born up there in the tree nest, or of tooth trouble; after all the two of them can draw the teeth and send off to London for some of those British sets made of gray china.)

Coming back to the serious point of never having seen a significant play, even among the Hollywood versions of significant theatre plays already famous, I should say that

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a defender of this film cause could easily argue that the art of the cinema consists not of one part, or element, only, but of all the elements fused together—plot, acting, décor, dance or movement, words and audience, exactly as does the theatre art; though it is a fact that the relation of the audience to a moving picture is profoundly and radically different from the audience' relation in the theatre art. In the cinema the producer, the director, the author, the actor, must proceed from inspiration or prophetic insight and by remembering other films as to what has gone well in them when presented to an audience, or by following what seems to be the general Hollywood notion at the moment as to what will take with audiences (hence the run of duplicates and fads in pictures). In the theatre the play as it is being performed at the moment lives by the audience, who are its echo, its test and often its correction or inspiration. It is said, of course, that the moving picture, through its wide distribution and need for a vast number of people's approbation and patronage, tends toward large human values, motivations and appeals; and this to be sure is true. It is just as true, however, that a lot of the supposed broad humanity and appeal is only what the producer of the picture has got into his head to be the case, with a result sometimes that, as Chekhov would say, is enough to sicken the very flies in the footlights, though it is possible, of course, that the war on flies may have removed some of the more sensitive members of the audience.

The best scenes—not plays—the most significant, most creative and most inherently of the moving-picture art, have been those in Charlie Chaplin's films. In "The Gold Rush," "The Circus," "City Lights," for example, there have been scenes, and not a few, that combined, not only in the acting but otherwise, every element in the art they illustrated, and were, as well, of the highest quality, as good as any scenes I know in the history of the comic theatre, marvelous as any in every comic aspect and often more poetic.

In another article I want to set down some notes on moving-picture acting. STARK YOUNG.

Romantic Emotion

THIS YEAR, a certain composer of serious music who is also the incumbent of a musical chair in one of our leading universities and the author of a number of critical volumes and innumerable critical articles, classified himself as a romantic composer for the reason "that he expressed simple, spontaneous, straightforward emotion." It does seem to us that in this conclusion American musical criticism has hit a new low: an event inevitable when the eye is left to wander from the facts.

The outstanding fact about romantic music, taking romantic music to be chiefly that of the men criticized by our professor in his volume "The Romantic Composers," is of course the novelty predominant in many of its forms, the schematic and stylistic, both. Schubert's *Lieder,* Schumann's cyclic symphony, Chopin's reconstruction of the scherzo form of Beethoven and Mendelssohn, the symphonic poem which Liszt developed from the Beethoven overture, the program overture of Tchaikowsky and of Goldmark, were all innovational: who has not heard this said a dozen times? The originality of the romantic idiom is equally axiomatic; so much so, that to talk of Schubert's melodic inventiveness, or Chopin's fresh harmonic progressions and extended chords "struck together in arpeggio, the little groups of superadded notes falling like light drops of pearly dew upon the melodic figure," as old Dr. Haweis put it, or to start citing the phrase in Wagner's letter to Liszt commencing, "Everything in your music is so new—" would verge on the unpleasant.

Indeed, we recall these plain matters merely because their truth forbids us to attribute simplicity, spontaneity and straightforwardness of emotion to the romantic composer in his characteristic moments; or even to hold a brief for "virtuous" feelings. It is possible to connect the novel romantic forms, for instance, only with relatively complex, premeditated and subtle feelings. We cannot avoid so doing if, with the materialists, we believe the emotion the cause of the form: since this belief obliges us to see in the innovation the work of an emotion which cannot accommodate itself to hereditary modes of expression for the reason that it includes within itself, combined in original proportions, the emotions adjustable to those modes; and thus demands new bounds. Neither can we avoid the connection if with the formalists we oppose to the materialistic one the theory that the emotion, far from originating the form, actually results from it; since the fantasy and subtlety of the romantic style, the delicate harmonic progressions and capriciously changing tempi, would argue that the moods experienced by the romanticists under the influence of the forms they exploited were relatively the reverse of simple, spontaneous, straightforward.

Besides, who that has ever felt their music can doubt the deviation of the romantic composers' emotions from the track beaten by their predecessors and in the direction of intricacy and refinement? And who can record that experience without indirectly exhibiting the deviation? It is well nigh impossible to write about the romantics without using a special vocabulary. One is practically compelled to employ the Polish word *Zal* in speaking of Chopin; and "macabre" and "languorous," "sardonic" and "enigmatical." Schumann is scarcely representable without the aid of "fantastic," "whimsical," "volatile"; Liszt without "demoniacal" and "rhapsodic." But this vocabulary was almost formed for musical criticism by critics under the necessity of analyzing the romantic spirit. Certainly, classical music had not required, nor does it require today, this group of adjectives denoting the singular, the inordinate, the complicated.

Again, who, listening to Brahms, can feel his grave emotions as other than premeditated, and molded by lengthy revolution in the mind? Hamlet was in all these men alike, long before Tchaikowsky sought to express the black prince in an overture: Hamlet, and his brooding kinsmen Childe Harold, Manfred and Faust.

Yes, their emotions seem simple, spontaneous, straightforward to us today. That is merely because we have become accustomed to them, and because new stimuli have created new complexities and subtleties of feeling and the music of Debussy, Schönberg, Webern, Berg, Stravinsky and Copland.

But then, which brand of music *is* the expression of

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simple emotions? The classical? Possibly; although with Stendhal we believe that all good work is romantic when it is written and classical when it is accepted; for the reason that only new and subtle emotion appears to us the competent producing cause of new styles. No, the product of simple, spontaneous, straightforward emotion would seem to be academic music, the repetition of the past. Our professor's symphony supports this conclusion. It was somewhat stiffly reminiscent of Brahms, Wagner, Franck and d'Indy.

Perhaps our readiness to argue the point raised by his statement lays us in turn open to the charge of combining pedantry with quarrelsomeness. Let us therefore make haste to plead that musical criticism is one of the processes of culture, and that the coarseness of its mentality has already cost America dearly.

PAUL ROSENFELD.

Not on the Ticker Tape

PRESIDENT Hoover has been seeking to cure the depression of late by applying a variant of the James-Lange theory of emotions. (The original theory, you will recall, is that you are happy because you laugh and sorry because you cry, not vice versa.) The administration, thinking in such terms, apparently believes that the country will be well off because securities have been climbing, and seems to have no worries about the fact that recovery would rest on a sounder foundation if security prices had risen because the country was getting better.

Economists in the know tipped me off nearly a year ago to keep my eyes open for pre-election "inflation." Certainly President Hoover has been leaving no stones unturned to win votes by the stock ticker. His arguments for reëlection are being written on the ticker tape. Unquestionably the bull party in Wall Street is favorably impressed with the Hoover program, but it is to be doubted whether its enthusiasm at the ballot box will offset the resentment of ten million or more unemployed.

For several years the stock ticker has been the arbiter of administration economic policy, even though at the White House conferences in November, 1929, the Big Chief indicated that the purpose was not to bolster up stock prices, but to sustain employment.

Before the last Congress adjourned, the argument which killed the movement for a huge bond issue for public works was that the large offering would have a depressing effect on bond prices. The nature of the apprehension emphasizes Mr. Hoover's predilection for government by manipulation. The people are children, and will respond properly if only "selected" facts are presented. Propaganda, rather than truth, is the favored agency toward economic balance.

From a hard-boiled standpoint, the real objection to government by manipulation, as opposed to grappling directly with basic problems, is that it attains at best only a transient success. The effect is to give astute financiers a chance to unload on outside suckers, who temporarily renew their faith in economic miracles.

The last White House business conference was another disproof of Mr. Hoover's view that private initiative by itself can work everything out.

Though the administration is opposed to machinery for economic planning, it in reality set up such a mechanism. Yet Secretary Mills and the President were at pains to explain that it was for the emergency only, and was not to be regarded as an economic council.

Senator Bob Wagner of New York has made a systematic attempt to see through the prevailing smoke-screen. This time he says, "The greatest danger to continued upswing in business is a false sense of security. Jobs must be provided or the confidence talk is just so much smoke."

Stating a similar point of view in more academic language, Calvin B. Hoover, economist of Duke University, warned:

> If the present efforts of the administration to force credit expansion do not succeed (and I have no great hope that they will), we shall probably be under the necessity of credit expansion through the issuance of federal bonds to pay for unemployment relief. It is likely that credit expansion of this sort would have more positive results than that attempted thus far. Nevertheless, it would be only mildly effective on a limited front in solving the crucial problem of inadequate purchasing power. Credit expansion of any type will fail of its objective if the purchasing power of our population is not restored.
>
> I am constantly growing more skeptical of the permanent value of attempts to restore purchasing power by means of credit expansion alone. It is doubtful whether we are going to be able satisfactorily to restore purchasing power without authoritative supervision of wages, hours of labor, dividend policies of corporations and commodity prices. This would involve not only the supervision of credit expansion, but would amount to a fundamental reconstruction of our mechanism of production and distribution. Certainly I see no immediate prospect of such reconstruction.

Now that the panic is over, as Philip Gibbs might say —now it can be told. The publisher of The Wall Street Journal, in a recent article on the prerequisites of recovery, stopped using euphemisms about recent troubles. "The nature of the catastrophe," he pointed out, "in the summer of 1931 is not yet appreciated by the general public; it was not expedient at that time to call a spade a spade. What really happened was that the Bank of England and the Reichsbank failed, and the Bank of France became insolvent. Technically, the Bank of England and the Reichsbank did not fail; technically failure was averted because the respective governments forbade them to meet their obligations."

That is plain talk, especially when it more or less coincides with one of Montagu Norman's periodic and mysterious visits. The governor of the Bank of England, distrustful of the public, habitually proceeds at home and abroad in the utmost secrecy. Some years ago I visited an American expert at the Bank of England. He was the only one around without a silk hat and a cutaway. He broke a sacred tradition in permitting a journalist to interview a confidential agent of the Bank. To protect himself he not only stipulated that he was not to be

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quoted, but asked me not even to publish the fact that I had seen him. Democracy will continue to be a mere academic idea so long as the real business of the world is discussed behind closed doors by leaders who are chosen by other than democratic methods. By using the pseudonym of Professor Clarence Skinner, Mr. Norman, who underestimated the alertness of American reporters, opened himself up to especial suspicion.

The spurt in the bond market enabled various Insull units to sell bonds to the public and thus gave the banks, which were loaded up with questionable Insull loans, an opportunity to get out from under.

The Insull maze is baffling to the reorganizers. The Insull tradition of loose bookkeeping, including inadequate depreciation charge-offs, encouraged crazy-quilt financing before the debacle. Intermediate holding companies gave the insiders opportunity for profit through arbitrary write-ups of assets. The same bunco game will go on until federal supervision of holding companies is authorized, including requirements for uniform accounting.

The farm revolt, if it could succeed, would go to the root of one of the basic causes of the depression, namely, the disparity between raw-material prices and prices of finished goods. Some observers think the disparity was due to the fact that industrial workers in the cities were better organized to influence wages. It is interesting that the farmer has begun to test out the usefulness of the strike, which in better times helped industrial workers to raise their standard of living. L. M. N.

CORRESPONDENCE

In Defense of Hearst

SIR: R. L. Burgess celebrated his retirement from the Hearst service by using your columns (The New Republic, August 10, 1932) to present to your readers a highly fictionized story of William Randolph Hearst. During more than fourteen years of service as a Hearst editor, I have had frequent opportunities of getting acquainted with this much maligned editor, and the man portrayed by Mr. Burgess is to me an entire stranger. In fact, he does not exist. The Hearst I know does not make "valets and errand boys of his editors," nor does he do any of the fantastic things Mr. Burgess charges him with doing, which, of course, include the silliest one of all—trying to make an English Lord of himself. Why should he, when he now has more power and distinction than forty English Lords?

The Hearst I know is the man who made possible the big exposures in the Mooney and Billings case, which resulted in the innocence of these men being established all over the world. While I was editor of The Bulletin in 1917, I published the famous Oxman letters, which practically convicted Oxman of subornation of perjury. This exposure caused The Bulletin to get into disfavor with some of the big advertisers. The owners of the paper became terrified and ordered me to drop the Mooney case.

Just at this time, Mr. Hearst invited me to come to his newspaper, The Call, and bring the Mooney case with me. The investigation was then transferred from the staff of The Bulletin to the staff of The Call. This newspaper became the only one in California that pursued the investigation. The result was the discovery that Oxman was not in San Francisco when the bomb exploded, but was in the town of Woodland—ninety miles away. He had lunch on the day of the explosion, with Earl Hatcher and his wife, who later so testified before the San Francisco Grand Jury. This was entirely the work of Mr. Hearst's staff. This same staff later obtained a confession from Draper Hand, the police officer who framed Oxman's testimony, and also an affidavit from John McDonald that he had lied when he swore he had seen Mooney place the bomb.

In the autumn of 1918, The Call published the now famous Densmore report, containing nine newspaper pages of information the United States government obtained by placing a dictaphone in the district attorney's office. In this report was the charge that a supreme-court justice, who had been helping the district attorney manufacture evidence, had previously been paid $410,000 for changing his decision in the famous Fair will case.

The Densmore report was a document that I am sure no other newspaper in California would have published.

This same Mr. Hearst that I know was the first editor in California to attack the Southern Pacific Railroad when it was in complete control of the politics of the state of California, carrying the fight, single-handed, until he won a dramatic victory in Washington by defeating the Funding bill.

During the past year, I have had occasion to read the files of Mr. Hearst's Examiner since he took control of it in 1887, and I find a record of progressive achievements unparalleled in American journalism.

Perhaps I am unduly agitated over Mr. Burgess' fiction sketch, but if I am, it is because it was I who brought him into the Hearst service. If he were the realist he professes to be, he wouldn't have used a title so foreign to the text as "Working for Hearst." His title would have been: "I Am Putting My Vocabulary on Parade."

Speaking for myself, my fourteen years as a Hearst editor have been the happiest of the forty-eight years I have spent as a newspaper man.

FREMONT OLDER.

San Francisco, Calif.

Mr. Giannini Takes the Helm

SIR: In answer to the question asked in The New Republic: "What has happened to Amadeo P. Giannini, the financial wizard of the Transamerica Corporation, the man who threatened to become the banking director of the country?" let me submit the following outline of Mr. Giannini's more recent career.

In October, 1929, Mr. Giannini retired from all connection with the Bank of America and Transamerica Corporation in accordance with his previously announced intention to give up all active work on his sixtieth birthday. Elisha Walker, former head of the Blair Corporation, was elected as successor in Transamerica Corporation to carry forward the cause of branch banking and the allied principles.

Mr. Giannini returned unexpectedly from his retirement in Europe in September, 1931, at the moment when Walker was prepared to announce the affiliation of the Lee Higginson group with Transamerica Corporation and also to announce a plan whereby the stock of the Bank of America, the largest branch-banking system in the United States, was to be offered to shareholders of Transamerica for a cash consideration. Mr. Giannini announced that he would not sit idly by and permit this deal to be consummated. He declared that the offer to sell the stock to the Transamerica shareholders was a mere subterfuge, as Mr. Walker well knew that the shareholders were in no position to take up the offer and the bank would be turned over to New York interests and their California allies at a sacrifice price which would not only permit an exorbitant profit on the transaction, but would effectively kill branch banking for all time in the United States.

On this premise, the issue was joined. Giannini, standing alone, without the backing of his former statewide organization, against the strongest financial interests in America, carried the fight directly to the stockholders, of whom there are more than two hundred thousand in California. This proxy campaign was unique in financial history. Mass meetings wre held throughout the state, ten thousand persons attending a meeting in San Francisco, five thousand in Sacramento, four thousand in Stockton, ten thousand in Los Angeles, besides other smaller meetings at all points in California. Mr. Giannini emerged from this contest victorious, the stockholders of Transamerica voting three to one in his favor.

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Since regaining his control of the bank, Mr. Giannini has carried on a radio and advertising campaign to build confidence in California, his slogan "California Can Lead the Nation to Sound Prosperity" having won the admiration and support of the entire state.

PETER MICHELSON,
Manager, Advertising and Publicity,
San Francisco, Calif. Bank of America.

Elections in France

SIR: In an editorial in your issue of May 18, you remark correctly that the Left parties won a decisive victory in the French elections in May, but you say that "the results are not significant, however, since the Left parties had an agreement in many districts that they would not put up candidates against one another." This statement as it stands is misleading, for the elections of France differ from those in America because of the double poll. If a candidate gains office at the first election, he must have polled a majority of all the votes. It is only on the second balloting, a week later, that he may be chosen by a mere plurality. Thus, any possible "agreement" could be effective only for the second ballot. There would be no advantage for any party in putting up its candidate at the first election, and as a matter of fact, the three large parties of the Left (the Radical-Socialist, the Socialist and the Communist) ran candidates in practically every constituency. It is true that after the first ballot Left-wing parties retired candidates in favor of the one contender of the group who had polled the most votes. To a lesser degree, a similar discipline was followed by the parties of the Right. The Communists alone refused consistently to retire candidates.

Thus retirement of candidates was not in accordance with "agreements" formally made, but rather the logical course of Left-wing candidates who preferred the opponent within the group to a Right-wing candidate. The partition of the Left and Right groups represents fairly well, and much more accurately than in many countries, the proportion of the corresponding sentiment among the electorate.

JOHN M. BRUMM.

Paris, France.

Economics, Noble in Purpose

SIR: Had Rip Van Winkle happened to emerge from his long nap on Wednesday, July 20, 1932, and found The New Republic of that date at his elbow, and had his eye chanced to light on the editorial "Golden Moonshine" (which no doubt it would), he must have indulged in a chuckle of amusement to find your views coinciding so entirely with his own.

Yes, the private gin mill has unquestionably been the salvation of many an embattled farmer and mountaineer miner, and as such is no doubt doing more good than harm. The pity is that the law fails to discriminate between the small producer and racketeers of the Capone magnitude, whose operations fall more in the category of big business.

It is a rather satirical commentary on our times to find that the "experiment, noble in purpose," turns out to be, not what Hoover had in mind (if any), but an experiment in economics; an example of what might be done all along the line. What we need is more prohibition; laws that prohibit the manufacture, transportation, sale and possession of boots, for instance. Then we would see the bootmaking industry decentralized like the liquor business, and out in the sticks with the moonshiner. The bootlegger would carry boots on the hip as well as bottles, and if you take the case of ear trumpets, these would go amazingly well in speakeasies and whisperlows.

However, all jokes aside, there is more than a grain of sense in the idea, and in this crazy patchwork land, where a man may commit a crime with impunity as long as he pays his income tax, and where they subsidize the rich because the poor starve, we may expect almost anything to be tried at least once.

OSCAR E. TURNGREN.

Hopkins, Minn.

Another Thomas-for-President Club

SIR: The Oak Park Branch of the Socialist party is sponsoring a Thomas-for-President Club this fall and is trying to get in touch with all people in the suburbs west of Chicago, that is, Oak Park, River Forest, Forest Park, Cicero, Berwyn and La Grange, who might be interested in the program of such an organization.

Readers of The New Republic in those localities would probably be interested in such speakers as Paul Douglas, Kirby Page, Norman Thomas and Robert Morss Lovett.

Anyone desiring to participate in these meetings may address the undersigned at 819 Lake Street, Oak Park, Illinois.

G. H. MITCHELL, Secretary,
Oak Park, Ill. Oak Park Branch, Socialist Party.

College Recruits for Brookwood

SIR: Students for the twelfth year of Brookwood, the resident labor college at Katonah, New York, are now being recruited. As usual, preference is given to trade unionists and workers with industrial experience.

Next fall, in response to a growing demand, Brookwood will accept a few students with college training, definitely sympathetic to the labor movement and desirous of being active in some phase of it. Their course will emphasize labor history, economics, workers' education, labor journalism and trade-union problems. Opportunity will be given such students to do some practical field work with trained labor leaders.

The inclusive fee for the seven and a half months' course is $700 for college students and $200 for industrial workers. We should appreciate knowing of likely candidates.

CARA COOK, Secretary,
Brookwood Labor College.

Katonah, N. Y.

Technical Aid for the Soviet Union

SIR: Last spring a group of American engineers conceived the idea of a society for voluntary technical aid for the Soviet Union. They felt that in capitalist society their talents and training were grossly exploited for purposes of profit and were in large degree being wasted. Moreover, in their own and their fellow technicians' bitter experience in the depression they saw the lesson that theirs was the fate of any worker in a profit-seeking system—uncertainty, insecurity and final outright unemployment and starvation. They knew too that in the Soviet Union society was being built on opposite premises. Work and production for use and not profit, so that all could labor equally, certain of the morrow, and all could enjoy in the full fruits of their labor in goods and leisure.

They saw a field for such a society as they proposed to organize among American engineers, whose social ideology had become solvent through the acid of doubt which the contemporary conditions had been injecting into their thinking. . . . It was felt that nothing could so enhance the vague social-mindedness of American engineers, giving it concrete form and definite expression, as actual work for the socialist engineers and workers of the U.S.S.R.

These men proceeded to organize the society. The response in every respect was beyond their best hopes. Problems from the Soviet Union arrived in great abundance, limited publicity brought hundreds of replies, and a considerable amount of work was completed in a period of two months.

Recently, the members of the society thought it feasible to reorganize as a Technical Bureau within the Friends of the Soviet Union, as their aims fell within the purview of that organization. The Bureau possesses full autonomy, under a board of its own, to carry on technical work. Our special need at the moment is for agricultural specialists, but there is room for technicians in every conceivable field. Those interested, please call or write to the Secretary, Technical Bureau, Room 330, 799 Broadway, New York City.

New York City. L. COHEN, Organizing Secretary.

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A Hamiltonian Reformer

Beveridge and the Progressive Era, by Claude G. Bowers. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 610 pages. $5.

CLAUDE G. BOWERS has carried through an extremely important job with full-throated vigor of style and comprehensiveness in documentation. Besides giving us the life of Beveridge, which is no inconsiderable matter in itself, the book provides a series of brilliantly tinted, if not particularly critical, sketches of men as diverse as Senator Nelson Aldrich of Rhode Island and "Fighting Bob" La Follette, Frank A. Munsey and George W. Perkins, David Graham Phillips and George Horace Lorimer—men of action and reaction, good faith and bad faith, in the yeasty and shallow period which culminated with the election of Woodrow Wilson. But the book has virtues beyond those of capable delineation; it takes us, for the first time, behind the scenes of the birth, rise and death agonies of the Progressive party. And in so doing, it raises a question, never so important as at the present moment as to the worth and probable fate of what must loosely be called "Progressive" principles in America.

Beveridge was a phenomenon that has been rare in American life—a Hamiltonian who was also a reformer. Previous to the epoch dominated by Mark Hanna, American reform movements were almost wholly Jeffersonian in their approach to the State. When Etienne Cabet, author of the pre-Marxian socialist romance, "Voyage en Icarie," came to America, it was to participate in founding a colony that would be beyond the reach of the authorities; and as late as 1901 the phalanstery idea appealed to Eugene Debs as it had appealed to the men of Brook Farm. Henry George, the most penetrating radical thinker of the post-Civil War period, was Jeffersonian in his approach to power—and his followers, Tom L. Johnson in Cleveland and "Golden Rule" Jones and Brand Whitlock of Toledo, carried the decentralization theme to its logical conclusion: they went back to the days of the Hanseatic League and demanded the "Free City." However, with the appearance of Mark Hanna, who believed—or said he believed—that labor and capital had a common cause, there came a mutation in the American idea of reform—a mutation that "happened" without reference to the idea of the Marxian socialists, who had, of course, always believed in centralization. It was no accident that Hanna's first biographer, Herbert Croly, should precipitate the new idea in his "The Promise of American Life" (1909). Croly's conception of a strong Hamiltonian state dedicated to Jeffersonian ends was seized upon by men like Theodore Roosevelt and Albert J. Beveridge who, ever since 1905, had been working on assumptions very similar to Croly's.

Hamiltonians in Hanna's day were generally like Nelson Aldrich of Rhode Island, whose daughter married John D. Rockefeller, Jr. They thought of the State as a fulcrum providentially set up for the exclusive use of the leverage power of Big Business. And when Beveridge and Roosevelt came to graft the reform idea on the national structure, they found they not only had a mystical entity like the State; they also had a complicated business structure to deal with. Since the State and industry had become hopelessly scrambled, their program, on the practical plane, amounted to this: Big Business, with the leadership of the politicians who represented Big Business, must reform itself. Croly, who had seen the power of men like Hanna, and knew that it represented the greatest power in the land, hoped that the miracle could be accomplished. But would it be accomplished, short of the intervention of Divine Grace? Beveridge's career, as explored by Mr. Bowers, provides a more than tentative answer.

As a youthful Senator from Indiana, Beveridge was a jingo in the American grand manner. This grand manner consisted of enunciating florid principles about the divine mandate of the Anglo-Saxon peoples to modernize the backward nations of the world. Quite shrewdly, John Dos Passos, in seeking to capture the tone of nascent imperial America for the first news reel of "The Forty-second Parellel," clipped a few lines from Beveridge's speech hailing the new century, the American century, which would see us firmly established in the Philippines at the very door of a profitable Oriental trade. As a prophet of imperialism, Beveridge had arrayed against him all the voices of the so-called "old Republic"—the voices of Hoar of Massachusetts, William Vaughan Moody of the "Ode in Time of Hesitation," William James, Mark Twain, Carl Schurz, Moorfield Storey and, of course, William Jennings Bryan. But the imperial voices dominated, and Beveridge won: we kept the Philippines.

In his championship of imperialism, Beveridge was wholly consistent. Since his college days at De Pauw he had been a fervent Hamiltonian, and when Altgeld of Illinois had denounced Grover Cleveland for sending federal troops into Chicago to crush the Pullman strike of 1884, the young Beveridge had seized the opportunity to press home the thesis that the Civil War had smashed the whole doctrine of states' rights. His subsequent speeches in the West pleased Matthew Stanley Quay, the boss of the Republican (Big Business) party, who saw in the young Hoosier a budding defender of the status quo. And when Beveridge first went to the Senate it was as a defender of trusts, consolidation, overseas expansion, the navalism of Mahan and rule by the rich, the well born and the able.

But by 1904 the "ground-song of the West" had become audible once more. Progressive Governors were being elected in the Middle Border states; La Follette had become a national figure by virtue of his Wisconsin reforms. And the complexion of Senate and House began subtly to alter. Roosevelt caught the infection during a first term ostensibly devoted to perpetuating the McKinley policies; and when the fight over the Hepburn Railway Rate Bill first loomed, Beveridge himself became a progressive, much to the disgust of Aldrich. It was Beveridge, the defender of trustification, who helped capitalize the mood engendered by the publication of Upton Sinclair's "The Jungle." With the aid of Roosevelt, and against the powerful packers' lobby, the new progressive led the way in jamming through a Meat Inspection Bill. The bill might have been better, but it marked the way that Beveridge was to go.

The road led straight to the Progressive party of 1912—a party that was dedicated, not to neo-Socialist or Jeffersonian principles as some have thought, but actually to keeping Big Business honest at home, and to disposing of the American surplus abroad. The issue here was as plain to Beveridge as it was to Karl Marx himself: a great industrial nation, working under the price-and-profit system, must build up its power to a point where it can dictate to the world in the matter of overseas trade. Other nations must be kept in a consumer-subjection, that their unfavorable balances of trade may better maintain a favorable balance at home. It is not a very far cry from the Beveridge who would dominate Oriental markets to the Hitler who advocates a league of Western nations to compel the East to remain a consumer of the Western surplus.

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Trust-busting, of course, would not conduce to the creation of an American surplus, and it was over the trust plank that the Progressive-party platform-makers failed to achieve any unity. In his discussion of the Progressive platform, Mr. Bowers has had the use of Amos Pinchot's manuscript. The disclosures will be startling to those whose knowledge of the Progressive-party history has been limited by what Henry Pringle and Walter McCaleb, working with all available published information, have had to tell in their recent biographies of Roosevelt. For (as those who have read the La Follette autobiography have long suspected) it was George W. Perkins, at one time a Morgan partner and, in 1912, affiliated with the International Harvester trust, who was instrumental in cutting from the platform the plank calling for "strengthening the Sherman law by prohibiting agreements to divide territory or limit output." Perkins, of course, had agreed to the financing of the Progressive party—and with him was Frank A. Munsey, a heavy shareholder in United States Steel. Here, in Mr. Bowers' pages, is the proof of the pudding—Big Business would not consent to reform itself in the interests of all business, both small and big.

Both Beveridge, who was the Progressive keynoter, and Theodore Roosevelt hoped that the result would be favorable to the average American. But the millions of voters who followed the Bull Moose in 1912 thought they were voting for the preservation of the American middle class—they thought they were voting for Roosevelt, the trust-buster, not for Perkins, the trust-maker whose beneficent ideas included things that Owen D. Young stands for today: unemployment insurance, pensions, the company union. Useful things, no doubt, but they lead straight to what W. J. Ghent predicted in 1903—a "benevolent feudalism."

What progressivism implied in 1912, it openly states today. The heir to the Bull Moose is—Mr. Herbert Hoover. Business, in its professed ideals (as summed up by Mr. Young), is openly progressive, whatever it may be in secret. The whole incidence of the struggle for a "free" America has changed since 1912; and the upshot of books like Mr. Bowers' life of Beveridge is that the modern self-styled Progressive has no point of attack. He cuts at empty air. If he advocates a "control" of the stock market, of investment, of Big Business, by the government, he has only to meditate upon the action of Perkins. The man to be controlled by the Progressives is seen in the act of doing his own controlling. Now it may be, as Mr. E. A. Filene insists, that the dogmas of mass production and distributed high wages have changed Big Business from a potential ogre to a potential guardian angel. But can labor and the poorer farmers count on that? Is it not true that no class can count on the intelligence and the "magnanimity of the strong" if it refuses to bare its teeth on occasion, to show its own latent power? On the very reasonable assumption that the answer is "yes," the decision of 1932 must be that progressivism of the 1912 variety is dead as a cold stove. Progressivism today, if we are to revaluate the term, must mean either Norman Thomas or William Z. Foster, ineffectual though one or both of them may be.

There are a few mistakes in Mr. Bowers' book that should be cleared up in a second edition. It was McClure, not Munsey, who got Ida Tarbell to write the "History of Standard Oil." It was Steffens who made the McClure anatomy of graft in American city government, not a man named Stebbins. Otherwise, save for the misspelling of Raymond Robbins' name, the book is a masterpiece of careful research and checking of data.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN.

Intellect or Religion?

The Life of George Eliot, by Emilie and Georges Romieu. Translated from the French by Brian W. Downs. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 370 pages. $3.75.

ALTHOUGH this is a mediocre book, one cannot count as one of its faults that its authors have scarcely noticed the novels of George Eliot—that they felt it their "duty to assign a more important place to the pulsings of her heart, the throbbings of her thought and the vibrations of her soul." For to us today George Eliot must present a biographical and not a critical problem. The question of why her work has lost relevance and charm, after enchanting a generation for which Mudie's could not stock her volumes fast enough, which quoted her in Parliament and compared her to Dante and Shakespeare, has been pretty well settled. That George Eliot failed to make a proper synthesis of her intellectual and her imaginative views of the world—this has been the consensus of critical opinion ever since the natural reaction against her set in.

But that reaction coincided approximately with the promulgation, most notably made by Oscar Wilde, of the creed that art must be aristocratically non-moral, and it was upon George Eliot's opposed theory of art that all the blame for her failure fell. It was declared dangerous for an artist to have an intellectual view of life, with its implication of didactic and moral purpose, and because George Eliot had that view, her imaginative view was said to have suffered. From this conclusion our generation, many of whose critics desire to find purpose and point of view in art and (as Mr. Gerald Sykes pointed out recently in The New Republic) are glad to accept books that "preach," will probably dissent. It can no longer be glibly said that George Eliot's theory of art was wrong in itself; we must rather find the cause of failure in her practice of that theory—in her personality, her biography.

From that biography one fact looms in explanation—her religion. It was once rather original to say that "after all" George Eliot was religious; then religion would be subtly defined to include all good or artistic people. "After all" meant after all her reading of Hennell, Strauss, Feuerbach, Spencer, Comte, the rational disturbers of faith. But though these men influenced her to a rational renunciation of religion, there was an influence stronger than theirs. One has but to remember how, in her novels, London or Florence may lie dead under her hand but how Coventry is always alive, to realize that her Coventry youth was the most impressive time of her life. She was then most passionate and alive as she was then most unhappy and confused. The influences of that time never left her, and chief among them was her religion. If rationally she renounced it, actually she merely translated it, as Carlyle translated Calvinism into transcendentalism, into the terms of current philosophy. She always suspected the disturbers of others' faith; she yearned always, she tells us, "to all the religions of the world." Culture replaced devotional reading, quotations replaced texts, but religion remained.

And the very lack of synthesis of idea and thing which we find in her work was the chief characteristic of that religion. From its provincial evangelicalism she learned to put an unreal emphasis upon the consequences of the trivial act. It taught her to see all human affairs, including contemporary political change, as worked out exclusively in terms of individual conscience. It taught her to see morality as an a-priori shell into which action must fit. It served to prevent her from *seeing* people or

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things, so that whatever has moral significance, whether it be a picture, a city or a character, immediately becomes dead for her, and only the trivial and non-significant has life.

But if as a writer she is irrevocably separated from us, as a person she is still, with her stricken, Florentine face, most interesting. She deserves a better biography than the Romieus have given her. Based on J. W. Cross's selection of her letters and journals, it seeks to "humanize" but merely sentimentalizes that material. Devoted to the thesis that George Eliot was "above all, a woman," that, indeed, "she was Woman," it fortunately does not indulge in sexological guesswork. But it inflates and melodramatizes certain episodes beyond truth, and invents others. There is, unfortunately, no authority for the Romieus' story of Herbert Spencer's dinosaurian libertinism: they have it that he was a necessitarian Lothario who, after he had sadistically enjoyed toying with George Eliot's heart, abandoned her when a flipped coin decided him not to marry her.

LIONEL TRILLING.

Mr. Eliot's Sunday Afternoon

Bubu of Montparnasse, by Charles-Louis Philippe. Translated by Laurence Vail; introduction by T. S. Eliot. Paris: Crosby Continental Editions. 12 francs.

THE INTRODUCTION is the most interesting feature of this volume, or at least the introduction and the novel together are more interesting than either novel or introduction considered alone. Eliot's remarks on Philippe and on "Bubu of Montparnasse" have a good deal of value for what they reveal of Eliot—his way of thinking, his way of judging literature and his conception of the purposes of fiction. Moreover, much that he says is sound critical comment, factual information about Philippe's work, and analysis, which the novel substantiates, of Philippe's point of view.

"Bubu of Montparnasse" is not likely to impress a modern reader as a particularly striking piece of work, although it has good things in it: it is a conscientious effort, it is carefully written, the sequence of events flows naturally enough from the central situation. Philippe died "before 1910" and this is presumably the first of his novels to be translated. Eliot says that it is his best book, and the only one in which Philippe's talents for recreating the habits and emotions of the inarticulate, submerged members of society reached a full expression. It is an account of a Parisian prostitute and her lovers, revolving principally around her struggles for livelihood, the dangers of poverty and disease, her sufferings from syphilis, her partial capitulation to respectability, and her final enslavement by her pimp. Philippe wrote in a way that presents many dangers; he tried to capture the aspects of Berthe's life which were common to her type, rather than those which were peculiar to her as a person; to isolate the general features of her experiences, rather than the exceptional. "Horseness is the whatness of allhorse" is Stephen Dedalus' definition of this process, and Berthe is presented less as an individual than as an attempted synthesis of all prostitutes of her time and place, perhaps as a synthesis of all who are completely beaten by society.

Philippe never analyzes his characters so much as he analyzes the types to which they belong. Pierre Hardy, somewhat resembling Philippe himself, is a weak and sensitive man, a mechanical symbol of kindliness, "good" in the sense that Myshkin is good. Bubu, at the opposite extreme, is merely a forerunner of the hard and brutal racketeers of contemporary fiction, and is presented in much the same way. Eliot's commendation of Philippe for the portrait of Bubu is a little surprising. Bubu never seems a real character so much as he seems an abstraction of the familiar dominant-male type, possessing the qualities of firmness and determination that Philippe himself lacked. But while the novel is weak in these specific points, what is most fully communicated in spite of them is the hopelessness of Berthe's position, the reality of her suffering and the ineffectualness of her attempts to relieve it.

With what emotions does an Anglo-Catholic, a royalist, a classicist, contemplate the kind of squalor so clearly presented in this novel? What Eliot thinks about any piece of writing is of some importance because of his considerable prestige as a critic, but what he thinks about "Bubu of Montparnasse" is important for a more special reason. Eliot has taken a step that few bourgeois writers have taken: he has definitely stated his political and social convictions and has recognized their formative influence in his work. He has recognized that his interests are those of the dominant class in England, and he is one of the keenest intellectual apologists for that class. Now, the Tory point of view is weakest in its answers to the only questions which are frequently addressed to it—it is weakest in its justifications of the poverty and squalor that exist in a society dominated by those who hold more or less Tory opinions. What is most striking about the introduction is the elaborate machinery of defense and explanation it reveals and the lengths to which Eliot goes in his attempt to neutralize and gloss over Philippe's pictures of his characters' lot. One feels that Eliot would prefer not to discuss these matters at all, that he would be much happier writing about Andrewes or Donne, but conditions similiar to those Philippe describes—similiar in kind, if not in detail—now proclaim themselves so stridently that even the royalists and the Anglo-Catholics cannot ignore them.

What Eliot really likes about "Bubu of Montparnasse" are its unrealities. He enjoys reading about Bubu; and what is most stressed about Bubu is that he does not suffer because of his station in life, but enjoys himself to the utmost; he is stupid and brutal, but he is happy in his stupidity and brutality; his poverty does not worry him at all. He goes from one woman to another in the most carefree manner possible, and even when he contracts syphilis he is not very unhappy about it. On the contrary, as soon as the first shock is over, he becomes cheerful and proud and feels that a new distinction has been given him. This is the character Eliot praises for his reality. At the same time he praises Philippe—in an unobtrusive, descriptive fashion—because he is not explicitly concerned with altering things, because he has no cure to advocate, and because he has the ability "not to think, not to generalize." He likes the book too because, when we finish it, "we" blame no one, "we" do not even blame a social system. According to Eliot, after we finish this study of the horrors of poverty, with its sparkling descriptions of the progress of infections, with its accounts of brutality and hopelessness and crime, even the most virtuous among "us" may feel: "I have sinned exceedingly in thought, word and deed."

It is a little awkward talking about the political significance of poets at a time when the political significance of Herbert Hoover is so much more apparent. But Eliot is more than a poet; he has candidly acknowledged himself as a spokesman for his class, and in The Criterion and

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in his essays he has shown himself to be clearly aware of some of the dangers which threaten it from within: its lack of unifying ideals, its lack of discipline, its intellectual confusion. Recognizing these dangers, he has been making his literary soap-box orations on a union of the Church and State, and at the same time reserving his praise for those writers who aren't propagandists and aren't concerned with altering things.

ROBERT CANTWELL.

The Hither East

Nationalism and Imperialism in the Hither East, by Hans Kohn. Translated by Margaret M. Green. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 346 pages. $5.

AT LAST we have in English an adequate textbook on a subject too often overlooked by a press and public largely preoccupied with the Russian experiment, European cross-currents, the stirring of uneasy forces in the Far East and the world's economic *malaise*. Dr. Kohn, who has made an extensive study of post-war life in Egypt, the Arabian peninsula and the Class A mandated territories (Syria, Greater Lebanon, Palestine, Transjordan and Iraq), has presented a historical record of the decade 1920-1930 which not only satisfies the need of the student for a consecutive account of political events in this region since the Peace Conference, but is of a nature to interest the layman as well. It is a book whose plain speaking about relationships between East and West derives authority both from the author's close personal experience of the Near East and from his standing as a student of political science.

Dr. Kohn devotes several chapters to an analysis of the cultural, social and political changes induced by increasing Western pressure in the Arabic-speaking East. Of these changes one of the most striking is the shift from a religious to a nationalist piety—a metamorphosis unimpeded by the failure of nationalism in Europe itself. While world economic organization and world politics are driving us toward a planned union of the whole earth, the Arabic-speaking Near East is thinking in terms of a nationalist ideal developed in Europe something over a century ago. Hence, consideration of the future of the Near East raises in its acutest form the problem faced in Europe when the idea of the national State first triumphed, "that of remolding the concepts of State and authority, and the new organization of the nations, in such a way as to guard their freedom no less than to allow for world economic needs and plans to promote the welfare of the masses." Meanwhile, he points out, the struggle of Arab nationalism to reënter history as an active factor is part of that awakening of the whole East which is one of the three great forces operating to reduce the world importance of Europe.

Dr. Kohn's appraisal of the principal causes of discontent among so-called beneficiaries of the mandate system is worthy of special attention, although in the case of Iraq he has omitted to mention several popular grievances which he presumably hopes will disappear upon Iraq's admission to the League of Nations this fall. Of outstanding value is his chapter on Palestine. Writing as a Jew who has made his home in Jerusalem for a number of years, he has dealt squarely with a number of factors in the Palestine situation which other friends of the Zionist movement have sometimes evaded, understated or even distorted. His sense of the overwhelming need of Jewry for a national home in Palestine has not blinded him to the genuine importance of Arab rights; accordingly, his account is one of relatively few which may be relied upon for a fair understanding of both Jewish and Arab positions. Answering the inquiry everyone makes about the future of Palestine, Dr. Kohn ventures the opinion that British imperial policy will do real justice to neither Jews nor Arabs, Jewish hopes and Arab fears to the contrary notwithstanding. Peaceful progress in the Near East and relaxation of its internal tensions, he concludes, depend upon constant adaptation, a policy of substituting understanding for self-interest, and "a wise and prompt renunciation of intervention."

ELIZABETH P. MACCALLUM.

Book Notes

AMERICANA

FROM HERE TO YENDER, by Marion Nicholl Rawson. *New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 308 pages. $3.75*

The journeys "from here to yender" in this book are made chiefly in New England or upper New York, though glimpses of other travel along the Atlantic seaboard or into the old West are interwoven as though in the continual expectancy of moving onward. Trails, corduroy roads, snowpaths, towpaths, canals, many kinds of old bridges, the coaches and carts and tumbrels and fancifully shaped old sleighs of the period from 1700 onward, are described: all the outer elements of travel are here, with the taverns by the way, their beds and kitchens, and finally even graveyards—the latter perhaps as suggesting an eventual journey. Throughout, the minute and lavish detail is warmly amplified by native comment or remembrance, evoking the life to which turnpikes and vehicles gave social bone and substance. This recorded speech has high value; and many of the "short cuts"—proverbs and sayings—at the end are both uncommon and imaginative. The chapter on peddlers is less rich than that in Richardson

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Wright's "Hawkers and Walkers," but the whole book is abundantly conceived, and keeps well the unhurried measure and observational tone of old journeys through quiet country.

World Politics

THE SPIRIT OF BRITISH POLICY, and the Myth of the Encirclement of Germany, by Hermann Kantorowicz. *New York: Oxford University Press. 541 pages. $4.75.*

Dr. Kantorowicz, who is a professor of Law at the University of Kiel, is a thoroughgoing Anglophile. In the book before us he sets out to establish two main propositions. The first is that since the democratization of the British Parliament in 1868, and even for some time before, British foreign policy has, on the whole, been more objective, conciliatory, humane and even chivalrous than that of any other great European Power. It is obvious that such a proposition is, by its very nature, difficult to establish; so much depends on the subjective attitude of the writer, and on his selection of evidence. Dr. Kantorowicz is much more successful in establishing his second proposition: namely, that the belief, almost universal in Germany, in a pre-war systematic British effort at encircling Germany and checkmating her at every turn, had no foundation in fact.

He proves his contention in various ways—notably from the reports and statements of German diplomats and statesmen, including the ambassadors at London, and from the course of German colonial expansion, which proceeded at a rapid pace and met with hardly any British opposition. Even as late as June, 1914, an agreement was arrived at between the two countries concerning the Bagdad railroad, the knottiest question then pending between them. Dr. Kantorowicz goes even further. He believes—and he adduces much proof for this belief—that the myth of a British policy of encirclement was deliberately invented and fostered by Admiral von Tirpitz and his circle in order to obtain from the Reichstag the means for the successive increases of the German navy. And it was the continual growth of the German navy that brought about the tension between the two countries.

The book contains many valuable sidelights on the statesmanship and the psychology of Europe. It quotes, for example, Chancellor Bülow's expression of opinion for the guidance of the Foreign Office, (September, 1908): "It is undesirable that France should win Liberal and Jewish sympathies in a rapid and striking rehabilitation of Dreyfus. The most satisfactory course would be for the *affaire* to continue festering, disintegrating the army and scandalizing Europe."

The Social Sciences

THE TAXI DANCE HALL: A Sociological Study in Commercialized Recreation and City Life, by Paul G. Cressey. *The University of Chicago Press. 300 pages. $3.*

The taxi dancehall is one of those spores of profitable perversion forced into existence by the people who believe in suppressing sensuality and finding for it a wholesome substitute. There was a time when social casuals had their needs taken care of directly, at stable prices, and with a minimum of trickery and harassment. Now the fires of institutionalized sensuality have been generally banked, and in their place we have a smoldering pattern of heat the ramifications of which extend everywhere, here blazing fitfully, there glowing in a murky, noxious, permeating diffusion. For a ten-cent ticket at a taxi dancehall, the suspicious middle-aged widower, the restless foreign worker or the eager but socially unwelcome Filipino student may wrestle at close quarters for ninety seconds with a properly palpitant hostess in her 'teens. The irritant readily takes hold, and not uncommonly the taxi-dance addict may feed a pet hostess four dollars in tickets during an evening, fretting at enforced intervals along the sidelines, before jamming his hat over his ears and trekking for home. Sometimes he is favored with a date, pays his hostess the equivalent of a night's earnings, takes her to a show, buys her a good meal, and sees her rescued by her faithful "aunt" at the appropriate moment, leaving him and his fever contemplating the gap in his roll. The present volume by Paul G. Cressey is an academic survey of the taxi dancehall in Chicago. We learn that there are those to whom the institution is a "problem"; but so far their attempt to supply in a wholesome manner the need indicated by the taxi dancehall has confined itself to support of the Lonesome Club, which aims to provide casuals with "a Bright Spot in a Blue World," and in which "supervision of the highest order has been consistently maintained. . . . The duty of chaperonage is taken seriously by the directors of the Club, who think of themselves as social workers." One must bow before this.

Fiction

THE BURNING BUSH, by Sigrid Undset. *Translated by Arthur G. Chater. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.*

The second volume of the story of Paul Selmer's conversion to Catholicism brings to a climax the conflicts promised in "The Wild Orchid." The novel is more tedious than its predecessor, however, for after he becomes a Catholic there remains little for Paul to do except go through additional trials which test his faith. His wife leaves him, he is called upon to sacrifice his most beloved child, and his relationship with his parents and the members of his family grows more unpleasant. None of these troubles shakes his faith; for the most part they leave him curiously unmoved. The reader is more likely to be impressed by the fact that Paul becomes a Catholic while making money out of the War than by his prolonged spiritual struggles.

ROYAL FLUSH: The Story of Minette, by Margaret Irwin. *New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.*

This novel, the result of considerable research into French history and a complete sympathy with royalism, is extremely well written but curiously dull in effect. With perhaps too much detail and without drama or wit, the book tells the story of Princess Henrietta, daughter of Charles I of England (who betrayed royal tradition by permitting Cromwell to behead him), and wife of Philippe, the fatuous, foppish and precious brother of Louis XIV. Henrietta's short life was lent some distinction by her role of ambassador between Louis and her brother Charles II. Miss Irwin points out that none of the characters in the book is imaginary; but she makes these seventeenth-century people think, feel and speak like contemporaries of Léon Daudet and Ramsay MacDonald.

Contributors

H. N. Brailsford, The New Republic's London correspondent, not long ago studied the situation in India at first hand and wrote "Rebel India," which was issued in The New Republic Dollar Series.

Paul Engle, an Iowa newspaperman, recently returned to this country after a year's study at Oxford University.

Evan Shipman, whose poems have appeared in Transition and The Nation, is perhaps the only American writer who has followed the trotting stables as they move from county fair to county fair.

Marquis W. Childs, who has done newspaper work in several Midwestern cities and in New York, is now on the staff of The St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

John Chamberlain, assistant editor of The New York Times Book Review, is now completing a study of the ideas animating the progressive era. It will be published in October.

Lionel Trilling, a contributor to The Menorah Journal and other periodicals, is writing a book on Matthew Arnold. This fall he will teach English at Columbia.

Robert Cantwell, a contributor to "The Third American Caravan" and the author of "Laugh and Lie Down," is doing free-lance work in New York while completing his second novel.

Elizabeth P. MacCallum, who was formerly the Foreign Policy Association's research specialist in Near Eastern affairs, is now gardening in a secluded spot in Ontario, between intervals of writing and study.

Paul Rosenfeld, novelist, musical critic and an editor of "The American Caravan," is at work on a new novel.

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